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The Nation

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Vol. CXXVII NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JULY 4, 1928 No. 3287

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, $5.50; and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, $6.00

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION, New York. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 13, Woburn Square, London, W. C. 1, England.

THE NATION is on file in most public and college libraries and is indexed in the *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature.*

STABILIZATION OR REPUDIATION? Whichever word you choose the fact is the same, but the newspapers have learned a new and more polite vocabulary since the World War. When a European nation makes an arrangement with the United States whereby the former agrees *not* to pay most of its debt to us according to a method of annual instalments calculated over some fifty years, the device is called "funding." Likewise when a European nation abandons hope of paying its internal obligations at par and gives the monetary unit a reduced valuation in gold, the operation is called "stabilization." It is sometimes an inevitable and therefore justifiable action. Such is the case with France. Ten years after the end of the World War the nation has wisely given up the pretense of ever restoring the paper franc to par and has revalued it at one-fifth of its former worth, or about four cents in our money. Thus the French Government not only repudiates four-fifths of its internal debt but it officially cuts that much off the value of all private French obligations contracted before the war unless payable in gold. We commend the action as an intelligent one and hope it will be the beginning of a new era of sound finance. But it is well to recall that when ten years ago Russia—under as great necessity as that of France—decided that it must get out from under its mountain of debt the action was not called "stabilization" but "repudiation" and is still the ostensible reason for our refusal to recognize the Soviet Government.

THE JULIAN TRIAL in Los Angeles has ended. Its result reveals once more that the American judicial system, when faced with the wealthy and, therefore, influential citizens of the community, often refuses to function. It was over a year ago that the Julian Petroleum Corporation crashed, and 40,000 Southern Californians, most of them of exceedingly moderate means, found that they had been swindled out of from twenty to forty millions of dollars. They had been induced to buy approximately 5,000,000 worthless shares of oil stock which were issued without permission from the State corporation commissioner. When the market became flooded with this "over-issue" the price of "Julian Pete" dropped in a few weeks from $15 to nothing. Of course, the millions of dollars that were taken in are nowhere to be found, although some of the most eminent citizens of Southern California were shown to have received part of the loot. Some fifty-two were sufficiently involved to be indicted—among them Harry M. Haldeman, president of the Better America Federation; Charles R. Stern, president of the Pacific Southwest Trust and Savings Bank; three vice-presidents of the same bank; and Louis B. Mayer, general manager of the Goldwyn-Mayer Production Corporation—but they have all escaped scot-free. The trial itself lasted eighty-three court days and produced eighty-nine volumes of transcript, but did not, according to the jury, furnish sufficient evidence to support the "conspiracy" charge upon which the indictments were based. Thus the eleven persons who were tried were acquitted while the indictments against forty-one other persons were dismissed. Until now we thought that the city of Washington was the sole claimant to the title of the best District of Acquittal in America. This new performance, however, makes Los Angeles a strong contender for the 1928 award.

THE UTILITIES LOBBY is an even more marvelous organism than we realized when we wrote the editorial, The Million Dollar Lobby, in our issue for May 16. Investigation by the Federal Trade Commission reveals it at work in every State in the Union, watching the textbooks in the public schools, helping docile professors to write and publish books that present the private-profit point of view, installing subsidized books in the schools, paying "good" professors fat fees to lecture throughout the country, sending its own speakers to rotary clubs, women's clubs, over the Chautauqua circuits, bullying the Chautauquas into dropping public-ownership speakers, filling the country press with utilities material and getting it even into the dispatches of the big press associations. In three States the Associated Press has been fooled into broadcasting utilities propaganda as legitimate news, and the confidential cheers of the publicity men, revealed in their reports to their chiefs, make rare reading. In some States the propagandists reported the Associated Press hostile, but the director of the Missouri Committee on Public Utility Information was so encouraged by its attitude that he wrote to the Pennsylvania director: "I think word

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has gone down the line from headquarters [of the Associated Press] to take care of committees on public-utilities information." He had no precise information to support his suspicion, but the impression is one which the Associated Press will do well to counteract. What some of the inside men think of the utilities tactics came out in a confidential letter written by John W. Colton, editor of the *American Electric Railway Association Magazine*. Colton wrote:

> The thing about the utility industry that disgusts me is the lying, trimming, faking, and downright evasion of trust, or violation of trust, that mark the progress toward enormous wealth of some of the so-called big men in the industry. When I see some of these fellows waving the flag, I am filled with not only disgust, but rage, for they are anything but patriots.

MRS. HELEN TUFTS BAILIE, who rebelled against the famous "blacklist," has been expelled from the Daughters of the American Revolution. This not unhappy fate would probably cause her little concern were it not for the fact that Mrs. Bailie has chosen to use her membership in the organization as a weapon with which to fight against bigotry and reaction. Consequently she intends to carry her expulsion to the next annual meeting of the "Continental Congress" in April, 1929, and fight it out on the floor. Meanwhile her trial before the Board of Management of the D. A. R. led Mrs. Brosseau, the president, to say that "it was most gratifying to have it established beyond question that no such thing as a blacklist had ever been authorized by the national society"; and that "what was even more gratifying was to have had this established by Mrs. Bailie's own admission." Mrs. Bailie, while stating that she personally knew only about the blacklists issued in Massachusetts on which she based her original charges, points to protests from various other States as evidence that pressure was brought to bear on local officers of the D. A. R. to prevent them from allowing blacklisted persons as speakers. More extreme measures, designed to prevent meetings held by other organizations at which blacklisted speakers were included, were also taken. In her efforts to set the feet of the D. A. R. on the path of tolerance and decency, Mrs. Bailie is striking good blows for the cause of public liberty of all sorts. More strength to her!

REACTIONARY FORCES won a distinct victory last week with the renomination in the Maine Republican primaries of Senator Frederick Hale and the defeat of Governor Ralph O. Brewster. They were contending for the nomination to the United States Senate. Hale, while weak and insignificant, is the "safe" type of rubber stamp who "sees no evil, hears no evil." The majority of Maine people who have been voting for a Hale for half a century have been led by the stand-pat press to believe that he is of the caliber of Blaine or Tom Reed. In the campaign against him it was developed that not only had he voted to seat Smith and Vare, but was one of the group of Senators which sided with Newberry. Although chairman of the Naval Affairs Committee, Hale not only allowed the naval oil reserves to be snatched from under his nose, but defended Denby's action in the Senate and was one of the small minority who sought to secure an indorsement of the action of the oil looters. His labor record is as bad as it possibly could be. Underlying the Maine situation is the grabbing by Insull of all of Maine's water-power sites and his corresponding political activities, which appear wherever the Chicago man has a financial stake. Hale's vote to seat Smith, and against the Walsh resolution to investigate the utilities and the Norris Muscle Shoals bill, makes him highly acceptable to the power interests, which now have a stranglehold on Maine.

GOVERNOR BREWSTER, on the other hand, has been anathema to the power interests ever since he vetoed the Insull bill, lobbied through the Maine Legislature, permitting the export of power. He is likewise objectionable to the State Republican machine for his progressiveness. Those forces were sufficiently powerful to defeat him. The last-minute attack on the Governor by the Bishop of Portland, read from the pulpit of every Catholic church in Maine, for his failure to appropriate sufficient funds to rebuild a Catholic mission destroyed by fire, and the enrolling of many thousands of Democrats hostile to the Governor increased the margin of defeat. The Insull interests will now have their way unhindered in Maine, and their candidate for Governor—Colonel William Tudor Gardiner of Gardiner—seems to be as satisfactory to them and as complacent about their purposes as is Hale. Friends of international disarmament, on the other hand, may find no small consolation in Hale's return to the Senate. For while he votes with the jingoes, and subscribes to their most extravagant designs, no figure in the Senate is quite so helpless as he in transmitting ships from paper to steel. The steady dwindling, and the final utter collapse, of the Administration's naval program may be credited in no slight measure to Hale, who in a Senate battle is as a scout patrol pitted against a fleet of dreadnaughts.

IT IS NO FAULT of the Democratic Party that just before the opening of its national convention in Houston, Texas, a Negro should have been taken from jail there and lynched. Neither are we disposed to criticize too severely the city of Houston, as its past record has been excellent, no such crime having taken place before in more than fifty years. But when Negroes are lynched in the South it is commonly due to the feeling that they are not human beings and that summary violence is the only way "to keep the niggers in their place." A repudiation by the better class of white men of this attitude will gradually discourage lynchings by the less reputable element. We are glad to note that rewards have been offered for the apprehension of the Houston lynchers both by the State and city, and we hope the public indignation in regard to the crime is not mere vexation over the bad advertising which the municipality has obtained but an expression of genuine sorrow for a shameful deed.

OHIO DEMOCRATS are to have the opportunity to choose as candidate for Governor a high-minded and able public servant—Peter Witt—one of the few survivors of that fine group of young men inspired and schooled by Tom L. Johnson during his splendid years as mayor and civic leader in Cleveland. Mr. Witt has stuck to his principles through thick and thin. An anti-war man, he would not surrender his principles in war time, but fought steadily for the liberty of the individual and the press. For years he has served Cleveland in various offices, always bravely, always fearlessly and honestly. A truly civilized State would jump at the chance to put such a man into the Governor's

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chair. We very much fear that he is too independent and too fine a type for this to be possible. But if it should be, it is fascinating to think what Peter Witt could and would do if he reached Columbus as the chief executive of the State.

TO KILL TWO AND WOUND FOUR MEN with one pistol, in Parliament, adds a new bloody record to Serbia's bloodstained history. Punica Rachich, the murderer, who walked out of the Parliament building unharmed, is a character fit rather for a musical-comedy stage than for real life. He is said to have been implicated in the assassination of the Archduke Ferdinand, whose death brought on the World War, and to have served five years in the Italian army. Certainly, Mussolini is the only man in Europe who can have smiled at the news from Belgrade. He wants Jugoslavia torn to tatters, so that Italy may master the entire Balkan peninsula. It was because of Stefan Radich's opposition to the Nettuno pact, which Italy had forced on Jugoslavia, that Rachich drew his gun. Radich has since the war led the Croatian Peasant Party, which, for obvious reasons, has been peculiarly fearful of Mussolini's expansionism. But it has been more than anti-Italian—it represents a democratic peasant movement and the federal principle of government. Unfortunately after the war Serbia sought rather to absorb her blood brothers who had been within the Austrian Empire than to federate with them. Radich has fought a long, uphill fight for equal treatment for Croatia. If horror at the murder of his nephew should force the old Serbians to grant his demands, it would mean new hope for the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes.

FROM THE COLLEGE of the City of New York comes a strange story none too complimentary to the caliber of its administrative officers. An audience of about 200, it seems, was gathered around the campus flagpole listening to speeches against the dismissal of Simon Gerson from the college the day before. Gerson was a leader of the movement against compulsory military training at the college when, about five months ago, as a condition of his remaining in the institution, he was asked to resign from the office of president of the student Social Problems Club and to refrain from all extra-curricular activity. He handed in his resignation, but since it was not accepted he retained the presidency of the club. Although the faculty must have known of this at the time—a faculty representative sits in at the meetings of the club—no action was taken until a week after the close of college. After five months had passed and after Gerson had taken all of his final examinations except one, he was asked to report to a faculty meeting to be told that he was dismissed and that he could not attend the summer session of the college for which he had already enrolled. It was in protest against this peculiar dismissal that the students assembled. Gerson was in the middle of a sentence which began: "Our struggle is for liberty, for freedom of speech—" when Dean Daniel W. Redman interrupted and asked the meeting to disperse. The students stood their ground until a squad of six policemen, called by the faculty, arrived. President Robinson states that although Gerson was only suspended before, he will now recommend his expulsion "in view of the agitation and disturbance he caused with his Communist friends on our campus."

William Rutherford Mead

THE death in Paris of William Rutherford Mead, in his eighty-second year, removes the last of a trio whose influence upon American architecture is beyond estimation. We are aware of the habit of some of the younger commentators on architecture to sneer at McKim, Mead and White, to regard them as mere copyists, as slavish followers of classic or Beaux Arts styles, but we are not moved to recede from our belief that the renaissance of American architecture dates from Charles F. McKim's return from Paris. True, when Mr. McKim began he joined the Gothic revival. Later he swung over to the classicists. It is undeniable that, as in the Public Library in Boston, the Villard houses on Madison Avenue in New York, and the Agricultural Building at the Chicago World's Fair, the young firm boldly adapted respectively a French, a Florentine, and a Roman model for their purposes. Nevertheless they did, together with Richardson and Hunt, raise the standards of taste in the United States to a degree which perhaps no one can realize who was not familiar with the New York of the seventies—Mr. Mead and Mr. McKim began work together in the metropolis in 1872.

Then, and for a few years thereafter, everybody built four- or five-story brownstone fronts of absolute uniformity and complete equality of ugliness. To depart from this was almost to court social ostracism. It is true that these young men were fortunate that their careers coincided with an epoch of increasing wealth and steadily improving taste, and that they had opportunities—not enjoyed by their immediate predecessors. None the less they guided an artistic movement. They might have been other things than they were, and it must be admitted that they were not always successful—as witness the New York University Club—but what artist ever is invariably at his best?

There has been much discussion of the relative role played by the three members of the firm in designing the buildings that made them famous. Usually the exteriors were the work of Mr. McKim and Mr. White. Mr. Mead was the steady wheelhorse of the firm, the man who remembered that there are such utilitarian things as staircases, closets, bathrooms, and kitchens, and saw to it that they were not overlooked in the artistry of his associates. But Mr. Mead had talent, taste, and ability all his own; we have in mind a charming farmhouse which today bears eloquent witness to his skill. The Engineering Building at Columbia University is another example of work entirely his. These are only two examples. Indeed, the American Academy of Arts and Letters awarded to him in 1913 its gold medal "for distinguished service in the creation of original work," an honor then bestowed for the first time upon an architect.

As a matter of fact, the three partners were extraordinarily fitted to supplement one another; they worked always in complete harmony. Gradually Stanford White became the expert on interior design and interior decoration. Mr. Mead modified, suggested, amplified—always modest, always retiring, never courting praise or admitting that he deserved any, and quite willing that it should go to his more brilliant partners. That it was awarded to him in full measure during his lifetime is a matter for rejoicing. If he was not a prophet in his own country, he deserved extremely well of it.

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The Democracy and the Liquor Problem

WHATEVER the Democratic convention in Houston does it ought above all else to take an unequivocal stand on the liquor question. Pussyfooting will help it not at all, even if the unexpected should happen and James A. Reed be nominated, for he, too, is a Wet. As we have repeatedly said, the country needs a referendum on the prohibition issue. The coming election will not directly afford it because, as usual, there will be several issues, especially if Smith is the candidate, since he is bound to be attacked for his Catholicism as well, and for his membership in Tammany Hall. But at least it will help to clarify things if the Democratic platform is as Wet as the Republican is Dry. It will be a step toward a nation-wide referendum. It will keep the prohibition issue in the open, and it ought to be kept in the open until it is settled—and settled right. It is impossible to believe that the country will permit the Volstead law and the Constitution to be merely ignored. That is a contingency against which everybody ought to fight, whichever camp he belongs in. Nullification means only contempt for the law, endless graft, blackmail, and general public demoralization. If prohibition cannot be enforced, it should go.

One of the first steps is for the chief political parties to be honest about it. The Republicans were hypocritical enough at Kansas City, but theoretically brave in becoming as much the Prohibition Party as that almost defunct organization itself. For the Democrats to attempt to evade the issue would be as futile as it would be cowardly. It would deceive nobody. The New York *World*, the great protagonist of Al Smith, is quite frank about it. "If," it writes, "the Houston convention attempts to hamstring him with a Dry running-mate, or with a Dry platform, or with an evasive one, it will be sacrificing the one real chance of victory to the local interests of the Southern politicians." In the last few days the *World* has become almost hysterical lest the convention nominate Governor Smith "on a politicians' platform which trifles with the great moral issue that he is identified with." It declares in double-leaded capitals "The Democratic Party Should Not Nominate Governor Smith if it Wants Volsteadism," and it beseeches that party to be against Volsteadism until the end.

The twin but often wiser brother of the *World*, the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, is equally stirred, and in a very able attack upon prohibition calls on the Democratic Party to adopt a platform "unequivocally favoring the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment," and demands that both parties take a stand so clear-cut that the voters will feel that as they vote for Mr. Hoover or the Democratic candidate they are voting on Volsteadism. In Tennessee the Chattanooga *News*, which is vigorously opposed to Al Smith and to turning "the Democratic Party over to these twentieth-century heirs of Boss Tweed," feels that the *World* is right that to nominate Al Smith on anything but a Wet platform would be little short of contemptible. The Tennessee paper points out that the New York *Times* appears to be quite willing for a compromise, and would like to see Governor Smith standing as a Wet on an evasive, semi-Dry platform. That may be consonant with the political philosophy of the *Times*, but it can hardly be maintained that such a policy makes for honesty, frankness, or sincerity in our public life. We quite agree with the *Post-Dispatch* that "the besetting sins of political parties, political leaders, and public officials in this country are cowardice and hypocrisy. They are deadly sins. Cowardly evasion is blighting both political and governmental action."

It is not only that cowardice and hypocrisy are the controlling motives of politicians in dealing with this issue. Another difficulty is that those who are opposed to prohibition have no clear-cut program to offer. All those who are opposed to prohibition—except our contributing editor, Mr. Mencken—are quick to say that a return to the old-time saloon is unthinkable. But they cannot unite upon any program, not even the Canadian policy of putting the government into the liquor business, with which to go before the country. Some advocate 2.75 beer, others light wine, still others frankly admit that they want good, hard liquor. All they agree upon is that they do not like prohibition. Some object because it does not work, others because, they say, it cannot work, still others because it works too well. Wets and Drys might well begin by calling upon Congress to conduct a real inquiry into the genuineness of the efforts that have been made in Washington to enforce the law and uphold the Constitution, conducted by such persons and under such circumstances that no one could question its findings. It may take years to get this, but the country needs it. Men may argue until doomsday whether prohibition is good or bad, but at least we should be able to discover whether it is possible.

Meanwhile, we are one with the New York *World* in its belief that Al Smith is the last man who can afford to pussyfoot on this issue. He has had, until recently, the courage to talk Wet, act Wet, and drink Wet—and we hope his recent statement that he has not changed his belief that the prohibition laws should be changed presages an end to his unnatural silence and a return to the outspoken frankness typical of the man. Despite the fact that a telegram was passed around at a recent convention of social workers in Kansas City, declaring that the Governor was a total abstainer, he is nothing of the kind. He signed the bill repealing the State prohibition-enforcement act, and did so frankly and openly. He cannot possibly avoid the issue if he is nominated. The article by Bishop Cannon, which we print elsewhere in this issue, makes perfectly plain the line of attack which the Drys will use from the hour that he is nominated until the close of the polls on election day. Let Governor Smith be brazen and unashamed. Therein lies not only his only hope of success, but his only hope of keeping a reputation for decency and honesty. He has done enough injury to himself by keeping silent all this past winter, when he should have been rallying independent voters to his side by clear-cut statements of his attitude on national and international issues. If he should consent to run upon as weak and compromising a platform as that adopted in Kansas City, the American people will have to realize that they are being asked to choose between two very ordinary political compromisers.

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Sail Ho!

There was a ship—she sailed to Spain,
Oh, roll and go!
There was a ship came home again,
Oh, Tommy's on the topsail yard!

THERE are more kinds of wings than one. While airplanes borne on pinions of aluminum are crossing the Atlantic far above the toss and spume of its waters, other craft are about to skim the ocean's surface carried along by those older wings which generations of mankind have known as sails. In July, for the first time in twenty-three years, there is to be a transatlantic sailing race—from New York harbor to Santander, on the northern coast of Spain. And as two earlier Spanish monarchs, Ferdinand and Isabella, provided the funds for the first transatlantic passage, so have their successors today, Alfonso and Victoria, supplied the incentive for this latest crossing by sail, in the form of two prize cups.

Twenty-three years is a long time between ocean races, and a World War has intervened since the last one in 1905, but it happens that the winner of the last contest, the schooner-yacht Atlantic, will compete again this year. And just as there will be a ship to connect the last race with this, so will there be one to link the modern age of fore-and-aft sail with the older era of the square-riggers. The beautiful bark Aloha, with its towering tiers of canvas rising one piece above another in diminishing size, like the floors of a modern skyscraper, will remind the twentieth century of the nineteenth, when the seas knew such wonderful creations of hull and spar and sail as the Flying Cloud, Lightning, and Great Republic, built on this side of the Atlantic, and the Thermopylae, Cutty Sark, and Sir Lancelot, launched on the other.

Twenty-three years is a long time between ocean races, but there have been longer periods between other contests, for such an undertaking is a big one and there are not many with either the money or the time for an event which in these days must be organized on a purely amateur basis. In earlier years such races were usually in part at least commercial. That is to say, the competitors were usually merchant vessels, commonly sailing on commercial voyages, although sometimes a prize stake was put up to whet the interest. In 1837 the Columbus of the Black Ball Line sailed what seems to have been the first authentic transatlantic race. Her competitor was the Sheridan of the Dramatic Line. There was a stake of $10,000 a side, the two vessels starting from New York. The Columbus won in a passage of sixteen days, while the Sheridan made port two days later.

The first transatlantic race of yachts as distinguished from merchant vessels took place in 1866. It was the memorable dash of the Henrietta, Fleetwing, and Vesta from Sandy Hook to the Isle of Wight. The Fleetwing, owned by James Gordon Bennett, the younger, won in thirteen days, twenty-one hours, fifty-five minutes, after a tempestuous passage.

It was at about this same time that the greatest ocean race in history took place. It was not across the Atlantic but all the way from China to England around the Cape of Good Hope—about 16,000 miles. The famous British tea clippers Ariel, Taeping, Fiery Cross, Taitsing, and Serica all sailed from Foochow within two days of one another, bound for London. Each wanted to beat the others to port with the first of the new season's tea crop. Down toward the Malay Archipelago they raced, reaching for the light winds with lofty multifarious sails—moon-rakers, cloud-scrapers, and star-gazers—through the Indian Ocean, and finally into the boisterous Atlantic. Three of them docked on the same day—the ninety-ninth from China—within one hour and forty-five minutes of one another, the Taeping winning by a trifle. The two other vessels came in only two days later.

Chinese Generals

THE Nationalists are in Peking; but who are the Nationalists? Hitherto Chinese civil wars have been mere personal combats between rival feudal chieftains. But with the entry of the Kuomintang, the Nationist Party, into the field there seemed at last to be a meaning to the endless wars. Although a year ago, when the party split, the military chieftains seemed to be asserting their power and destroying the civilian character of the new movement, recent months have shown a resurrection of the cohesiveness and unity of the party's younger days. Behind the victorious armies were able civilians, and the future of young China depends largely upon the ability of the party to dominate the three generals who led the armies.

These three generals are Yen Hsi-shan, Feng Yu-hsiang, and Chiang Kai-shek, all men under fifty. Yen has been dominant in Shansi province since the revolution seventeen years ago, and most of that time he has attended strictly to provincial business and has left national politics alone. His was long known as the "model province" and he as the "model governor." His schools were famous throughout China, and his army small. Somehow Yen maintained a puddle of peace in a sea of war, but some four years ago he turned his mint into an armory, and in the civil war of 1926 he took sides with Chang Tso-lin against Feng Yu-hsiang. When events drove Feng into alliance with the Nationalists he joined the hostile coalition of Northern tuchuns, but in 1927 he changed sides, and this year Yen's men were the first to reach Peking.

Feng is the "Christian general," ruthless and able. He teaches his men to build roads, and carry their own burdens, and they march to the strains of "Onward, Christian Soldiers." Probably he has been more impressed with Christianity as a means of maintaining army discipline than as a gospel of salvation; but at one time he certainly found Christianity an invaluable instrument. In 1924, when Feng's chief, Wu Pei-fu, was about to fight Chang Tso-lin on the Northern frontier, Feng suddenly left the battlefield and occupied Peking in Wu's rear—an act of treachery which cost Wu the leadership of China and Feng the confidence which his record might otherwise inspire. In 1926 he was forced to leave Peking to Chang, and for nearly a year his army was penned in the barren northwest of China. Feng himself retired to Moscow, and found encouragement there; but the Russians can hardly have sent large quantities of munitions across the Gobi Desert. Feng's support of the Nationalist cause is recent, and many old leaders of the Kuomintang distrust him.

Chiang Kai-shek was one of Sun Yat-sen's trusted lieu-

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tenants. He organized the Kuomintang army in Canton, and led its dramatic advance to the Yangtze River. He forced the split in the party a year ago, then retired to his native village. He was recalled to serve as commander-in-chief of the Northern advance which took Peking, but his own troops were involved in the Tsinanfu disorders, and when the end came Feng and Yen were closer to Peking than he. Now he has again retired to his native village, asserting that he does not want further military power. No one can doubt Chiang's unselfish devotion to the cause of Nationalist China; but he has not always been able to work well in harness.

If these strong men can learn to cooperate, and accept subordination to a civilian government, China's future will be bright. The immediate decision to transfer the Nationalist capital from the disputed city of Peking, and the action of T. V. Soong, Finance Minister, in calling a national conference of bankers and industrialists to discuss economic reorganization, are good omens.

Camping on an Ice Floe

AN ice-floe camping-party as a summer outing will not appeal to many vacationists. The news that trickles back from Nobile and his stranded companions does not inspire one to depart post-haste for the frozen North and its icebergs, in airplane or dirigible. The Arctic is still stronger than men, as it was in the days of the Polaris ice-floe party, which began precipitately on the evening of October 15, 1872, and continued for some six and a half months thereafter—until the ice-floe had almost melted away from under its human load.

The Polaris was a good ship and a sound one. When, in August, she started south from Thank-God Harbor in the uppermost reaches of the Northern seas, threading her way cautiously and timidly amid the expansive ice-fields of that region, she was far better equipped than the airship of today to withstand the rigors of Arctic navigation. She did not have the radio of Nobile's Italia to keep her in communication with a base-ship, but she had other compensations: she had already spent a year in association with the icebergs, proof enough that her extra planking, additional plates of copper, and reinforced beams had made her seaworthy and iceworthy. Yet her crew was apprehensive, for it was a long and treacherous course from Thank-God Harbor south to the open waters of Baffin Bay.

For safety's sake the Polaris had been anchored to a huge ice-floe with which she drifted south at the rate of about twelve miles per day. During this trial marriage—which lasted about a month—the crew of the ship built a small hut on the floe, to be used in case of disaster. On October 15 came a violent storm; the Polaris was jammed against towering icebergs; she shook and trembled from the pressure of the ice and then was raised up bodily and thrown on her port side on the floe. About half of the provisions and supplies on board had been unloaded when the violence of the storm suddenly ripped the Polaris free from her anchorage, breaking the floe itself into several pieces. The next morning nineteen men, women, and children found themselves huddled together on one of the pieces of the floe, but the house that they had built and a great part of the unloaded supplies were gone, while twelve men had been carried off on the ship. These twelve managed to get the Polaris to the nearest land, where they settled for the winter, returning to civilization in the summer of 1873.

With great luck the nineteen on the floe recovered much of the food, some of the navigation instruments, and an open lifeboat that had been lost in the storm. With these they drifted south, hoping daily that they might get back to the Polaris, which they had sighted once in the far distance. But with the passage of November and December these hopes disappeared, and they resigned themselves to the simple life on the floe. Since the winter months were almost completely dark there was little that the party could do except drift along and hope for rescue. The extreme cold of December—the temperature averaging six degrees below zero—and the restricted diet sapped the spirit of the men. Even if they had been ambitious, however, they were too weak to accomplish even ordinary tasks. Most of the time they were too weak to hunt; if they did hunt and catch some animal, it was only with the greatest exertion that they succeeded in bringing it to camp. Fortunately, there were fresh-water puddles near by. It was upon two Eskimos, who caught seals now and then, that the party depended for fresh food; these men withstood the privations better than anyone else, although they admitted that in their entire precarious lives in the North they had never experienced such severe conditions. Without the Eskimos the chances of life for the white men would have been slim indeed.

Thanksgiving and Christmas were celebrated on the ice, the former by opening a can of dried apples, which had been saved for the occasion, and a small can of mock-turtle soup. For Christmas an extra ounce of bread was doled out to thicken the breakfast soup. Conditions grew more and more alarming. In February rations were reduced progressively, until the men were living on a few ounces a day—"the smallest amount with which life could be sustained." There was little improvement in March, when ookgooks and dovekies afforded a slight variety from the pemmican and blubber of the winter months. At one time when a nine-foot ookgook was shot, according to one of the journals, "so crazy were the appetites of the men that their hands and faces were soon covered with blood—the party looking more like carnivorous animals than human beings."

In early March a storm broke the floe into several pieces. When toward the end of the month it reached fairly open water and was drifting about twenty-three miles per day and growing steadily smaller, it had become less than seventy yards square. Finally, in the neighborhood of Cape Farewell, the floe had to be abandoned, and the nineteen people, with tents and equipment, were packed into a small open boat designed for six men. They succeeded in relanding the same day on a larger and safer floe, but this broke during the night, separating the party. Although the various groups were later able to reunite they were in utter despair and exhaustion—too weak even to talk.

To add to the discomfort, on April 28 and April 29 two boats were seen. Shots were fired and flags raised, but the boats turned their noses and passed slowly out of sight. Finally, with virtually all hope gone and every expectation of oblivion, the Polaris ice-floe party was sighted on April 30, 1873, by a sealer, the Tigress, and picked up off Grady Harbor, Labrador, after drifting approximately 1,500 miles.

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It Seems to Heywood Broun

WHENEVER an author writes a book which is not much sold or praised he always puts his knuckles in his eyes and says that he will go and tell posterity. I'm much afraid that there is cold comfort in the threat and possibly some lack of wisdom. Just why should anybody assume that posterity will be all-wise? Of course it may be said, "There is no other court of last resort." Well, it's not good enough. We must invent another.

Some sort of mystic religion is necessary. There must be a final Judgment Day for books and plays and little poems as well as the one which has been promised to pass on human souls. On that great day many cases will be heard, but it does not seem to me as if confusion will be caused by including literature in the province of the court. Often it is not easy to keep book and soul apart. Certain authors, summoned by Gabriel's trumpet, might well be rather bored while litigation concerned no more than their personal and eternal whereabouts. I would not put it beyond some writers to exclaim, upon hearing the glad decision, "Heaven!", "Yes, but what about my three-volume novel!"

There really are certain artists who feel that it is better to burn than to mar. And none of these would accept immortality, save grudgingly, unless it carried with it everlasting fame for their favorite works.

Posterity just won't do. The judgment of five centuries may easily be better than that of the Book-of-the-Month Club and yet it remains human and fallible. "Abie's Irish Rose" ran five years or something like that. It could conceivably live five centuries. Many critics of our own day are much too confident of what judgments the future holds. Probably nobody seriously maintains that Harold Bell Wright will live or even Zane Grey. Most of us are contemptuous of these popular authors. And with good cause, too, as far as I'm concerned. Their point of view is infantile, their style atrocious, and all the stories hackneyed.

But I wouldn't put it past posterity to wink at all these facts. Five hundred years from now some scholar at Harvard may find refreshment in the naivete of Mr. Wright. He may argue that Grey and Wright were far closer in touch with their times than another obscure novelist of the day named Lewis. The first thing you know Freshman English in all the universities of the twenty-fifth century will be demanding "The Winning of Barbara Worth" as required reading and "Riders of the Purple Sage" will be published with footnotes and a glossary.

Ask any group of intellectuals to name a slate for posterity to pick from and it is at least ten to one that the names of the moderns thus supplied will all be passed over. Certainly the precise order of merit agreed on by living pundits will never be respected. Always we keep forgetting that some of the surviving classics were wholly neglected at their time of publication. Since we have so readily swept aside the judgments of our ancestors how can we fail to expect that our own descendants will be equally cavalier with the opinions which we held most dear?

If you say that Willa Cather is a far more accomplished novelist than Edna Ferber I will agree readily enough, but I'll give no odds on the judgment of people yet unborn. With, of course, one exception. Name whom you like among the living and I will gladly offer ten to one that his name and works are dust within a century. If Kipling does not continue I shall be both surprised and disappointed. But there are factors which might weigh him down among the dead men. In five hundred years, perhaps, empires will be unknown, and wars and white men's burdens. In such a period the childish chauvinism of Kipling might well blind the reader to his magnificence as a story teller.

Perhaps they will say, then, that O. Henry really was his superior in the matter of short stories. And if I am anywhere about, even though disembodied, do you think that I will tolerate such monstrous heresy with calmness? Am I and other ghosts of my time to knuckle down and say: "Posterity has spoken. There's nothing more to be said about it"? Just what my brothers in ectoplasm may say and do I can't predict, but let me catch critics in the days to come indulging in such monkeyshines and I will go and haunt them. From walls within their flats will come a groaning and a creaking. And in the halls chains will rattle. It is no use to say to me: "Don't be dogmatic. The thing is just a matter of opinion." Tolerance can be carried to ridiculous lengths. Even in questions of taste a man must make a stand at some point or another and defy not only the yelps of his contemporaries but all the heavy guns which posterity can ever bring against him. It is well enough upon occasion to say, "I think," but there are other situations in which one must be more brutal and change his tentative opinions to the more frank and forthright, "I'm telling you."

At just what point does posterity get to be posterity? "In a hundred years" is a familiar phrase which crops out in discussions about the lasting value of certain modern achievements. But surely a hundred years is not enough. Shakespeare was by no means safe in a hundred years. There is no reference book at hand, but if I remember my dates Colley Cibber took the liberty of rewriting him at an interval longer than that. And the public applauded. To them it seemed that Cibber was qualified to brush up the great one. The windy pieces of Dryden were acclaimed as more than those of Shakespeare even though enough sufficient time had passed to get perspective. We always talk as if posterity were a sort of marble and that certain world figures are safe beyond the change of wind and wealth. Nobody seems to contemplate the possibility that Shakespeare, although running strongly, is on his last lap. Still, we've seen Shaw try to stop him, and though it would be too much to maintain that he succeeded in tripping him up, still from my seat in the bleachers it decidedly appeared that the Bard had been knocked off his stride.

Possibly I am too optimistic in suggesting that this court to sit on Judgment Day will settle all complications. Though a bench of Archangels does suggest an authority transcending that of mere posterity I am not sure that it will be in every case enough. Somehow I seem to see an author on that great day walking out of court, when the case has gone against him, and exclaiming: "And what do you know about literature?"

HEYWOOD BROUN

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It's All Al Smith

By LEWIS S. GANNETT

Houston, Texas, June 26

NEWSBOYS yelling "All the news about Al Smith" and selling papers with no news of Al Smith; a hotel lobby where huge Al Smith posters grin at huger "Right with Reed" signs; on the floor a thousand sweating men and women, panting, laughing, swearing, hunting for people they cannot find, waiting for the six little elevators that never have room; up and down seventeen flights of stairs an endless, plodding procession of folks who have given up hope of the elevators. On the mezzanine, Al Smith headquarters, Jim Reed headquarters, Texas George, Everybody's headquarters, all armed with glad-hand welcoming committees, campaign literature, candidates' buttons, jammed with weary mobs wandering about wondering what to do next. Trooping from room to room upstairs in the hotel, earnest little groups of women hunting members of the Platform Committee, and behind closed doors solemn gentlemen in shirtsleeves sprawling over chairs and beds guessing each other's minds and playing the poker game known as politics. Thirteen blocks away the vast, dead auditorium awaiting its one week of life—that is what this Democratic Convention looks like as it sweats its way toward the public show.

Most of the delegates have nothing whatever to do. They are mere supernumeraries who will march and shout and wave flags in the mob scenes at the convention. It's all Al Smith. The newsboys know that to yell "Al Smith" sells papers; the singers in chaps and sombreros—part of Jesse Jones Houston hospitality—who push their way into the lobbies sing Al Smith songs; and the great Solid South, hating Al Smith, is ready to see him nominated because it prefers a chance of Democratic victory to any principle.

"Texas for Al Smith," the ribbons read which the girls offer every arrival at the Rice Hotel. But a careful census found only one in sixteen of the ribbon wearers from Texas, and neither Texas nor any other Southern State really wants Wet Catholic Tammany Smith. The great Smith argument is that Smith might win. Wise politicians like Cordell Hull of Tennessee, Joe Robinson of Arkansas, and Pat Harrison of Mississippi sit in their hotel rooms and inform every visitor that they are for a Dry platform and a Dry candidate, but they murmur also that they are loyal Democrats and will support the party candidate. There are rarin', tearin' anti-Tammany, anti-Catholic, anti-Smith men in the delegations, but they won't count in Sam Houston Hall. The Democratic Party wants to win. And Smith wants the nomination. He is not yelling for an argumentatively Wet platform. He is platform enough himself without further form of words. The Norman Mack outburst may have been a blunder but it looks like uncommonly shrewd politics. It gives the Drys a chance to claim one victory. Led by young Dan Moody of Texas they can stage a stirring fight for a law-enforcement platform and win it, and can then with a contrite heart support the son of Manhattan, feeling that after all they have forced a godly platform upon Beelzebub.

Around the corner the Dry women are holding a five-hour "season of prayer" calling on God to save the Democratic Party from the man who wants "to put his foot upon a brass rail again and blow the foam off a mug of beer." I went last night to the Dry mass meeting in Richey's Tabernacle where the "representatives of seven million churchwomen" assured one another that God would block Al Smith's attempt to "steal the United States from the Christian [meaning Protestant] people." Babies cried, the electric fans droned overhead, men and women waved their hats or palm-leaf fans, and one after another overheated spokeswomen for this or that organization compared the Al Smith promises of Northern votes to Satan's offer of the kingdoms of the world, shouted about "the greatest crisis since the Civil War," and the "days of Pentecost," prayed God to put a new vision into the hearts of the party leaders, and told what the women would do to Al at the election. Every one of them knew that Al Smith would be nominated.

After all, what can people expect whose slogan is "A Dry platform and a Dry candidate"? One of the ladies called for a leader who would "dare to be a Daniel." She may have had in mind Dan Moody, but the Boy Governor of Texas, while keeping up his home political fences by shouting for a Dry platform, has made it clear that he does not intend to endanger his national future by getting too conspicuously in Al Smith's way. The Drys do not know where to turn; they have no candidate.

So a somewhat balky Democratic donkey is getting ready to nominate Al Smith. The memory of Madison Square Garden is fresh and a new Democratic code of ethics has been evolved. Everyone is for party harmony today. Harmony there must be at whatever cost of principle. Mrs. Clem Shaver is leading Dry women's meetings, but her husband's office obligingly gives the room number of the convention bootlegger to inquiring delegates and visitors. Galveston is near and the liquor, I am told, is excellent and reasonable; certainly it is abundant. But while the Dry South believes in hospitality, Wet New York is on its best behavior. Mayor Jimmy arrived looking as if he had celebrated Al's nomination ahead of time, but all the Tammany delegates have been warned to be good at the convention. Houston had a little lynching just before the convention opened, but the Mayor and the city council and all good Texans promptly denounced it and pointed out, as an evidence of remarkable virtue, that they had all denounced it. Everyone is for the farmers and for labor and for a sound foreign policy. Indeed, there seems even to be little difficulty about public utilities.

I met on the train two enthusiastic Al Smith delegates from New York. We discussed prohibition and the Catholic issue and the women and then, thinking to make conversation, I remarked that the utilities revelations ought not to hurt Al in the campaign. A painful silence followed. Then the first Al Smith delegate pointed graciously to his pal. "Shake hands," said he, "with the vice-president of the Northeastern Power Company." (I think that was its name.) "And permit me," said the second Al Smith delegate, pointing to the other, "to present to you our up-State attorney."

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Al Smith—Catholic, Tammany, Wet

By JAMES CANNON, JR.

IF it were necessary to explain this in a single sentence, I should say: Governor Smith is personally, ecclesiastically, aggressively, irreconcilably Wet, and is ineradicably Tammany-branded, with all the inferences and implications and objectionable consequences which naturally follow from such views and associations. In the issue of *The Nation* of November 30, in an article discussing Governor Smith as a "Presidential possibility," Mr. Villard said:

> Do you believe in electing to the Presidency a man who drinks too much for his own good, and is politically a rampant Wet? . . . Does "Al" drink and does he drink too much? Well, I am reliably informed that he drinks every day, and the number of his cocktails and highballs is variously estimated at from four to eight. It is positively denied that he is ever intoxicated, much gossip to the contrary notwithstanding. He is a Wet, and he lives up to it, and for that consistency he is to be praised. . . . One may regret with all one's heart, as does the writer of these lines, that, being in an exalted position, he cannot set an example of abstinence to the millions whose State he governs, but at least one knows where he stands.

It is now over six months since that statement concerning Governor Smith's personal habits was printed and quoted, and there has been no official denial of its accuracy. It coincides with the private statements of other reliable persons. The facts certainly appear to warrant the asking of this question: Shall Dry America, a country with prohibition imbedded in its Constitution, elect a "cocktail President"?

It is true that a man's personal attitude toward the prohibition amendment and toward the use of intoxicants is not the only important question to be asked concerning his fitness for the office of President of the United States. But one's personal opinion on the principle of prohibition cannot be considered apart from the broader question of loyalty to the Constitution, as long as the prohibition amendment is a part of that Constitution. Furthermore, while it is true that the prohibition amendment does not prohibit the use of intoxicating liquor for beverage purposes, it is also true that it is the natural, logical consequence of the prohibition law that within a comparatively short time all legal use of beverage intoxicants will be eliminated. There are doubtless some law-abiding citizens who still use no intoxicants except those which they possessed at the time that prohibition went into effect, but that number is small and steadily decreasing. Can any law-abiding American citizen want a man to be elected President who not only disbelieves in the principle of prohibition, but, although sworn to uphold the Constitution of the United States, yet will continue to indulge his appetite for strong drink in the Executive Mansion? What an interesting public document for future generations to inspect would be the application of the President of the United States for a permit from the Prohibition Department to move from his residence to the White House an itemized list of the bottles, casks, barrels, and other containers of intoxicating liquor, traffic in which is prohibited by the Constitution which the said applicant is sworn to uphold!

But not only is Governor Smith personally Wet today, but his entire record is Wet. He was a frequenter of saloons while they existed; he put his foot on the brass rail and blew the foam off the glass; in his social and political activities he recognized the saloon as an important factor. As a legislator he not only opposed every measure to restrict the privileges of saloons, but endeavored to remove existing restrictions. He fought the ratification of the Eighteenth Amendment and the passage of the Mullen-Gage State Law Enforcement Code, and after that code had been enacted by the New York State Legislature, he labored aggressively and persistently to obtain its repeal. He is now advocating modifications of the prohibition laws to permit each State to determine what shall be the legal alcoholic content of the beverages permitted.

When all his background is considered, it is not surprising that Governor Smith should have persistently and aggressively fought prohibition. Tammany-bred, a pupil, a follower, a protege of Croker, Foley, and Murphy, he is today the outstanding personality and most influential factor in Tammany Hall. It is true that Mr. George Olvaney, the titular head of Tammany Hall, declared on oath before the Senate Committee that Tammany was not a political organization at all, but simply a "patriotic society." But whatever it be called Tammany is, as was declared in *The Nation* for June 13, a "society held together by the cohesive power of public plunder." Governor Smith has for thirty-three years been a worker in or an official of that society. Nor has he condemned the Tammany graft and corruption which has recently come to light. Indeed, he has only recently been reinstated as a sachem.

Moreover, Governor Smith is ecclesiastically Wet. There was published in the secular press on January 2, 1928, a quotation which has not been denied from the *Osservatore Romano*, the official organ of the Vatican, stating that "the attempt to enforce prohibition in America has become so useless, not to say dangerous, that it would be better to abolish it, especially since unbridled passion is always more rampant as soon as there is an attempt to enforce complete abstinence." This attack upon the prohibition law of the United States by the Vatican organ is in full agreement with the open criticism of that law by the Cardinal Archbishop of New York and Boston and other Roman Catholic dignitaries.

I concede the right of the Pope, cardinals, archbishops, and other Roman Catholics to declare their attitude as freely as Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, or other Protestant bodies or ministers or laymen upon this question. Nor would I even intimate that these Roman Catholic leaders are not sincere in their opposition to the prohibition law. But it is not surprising, indeed it is to be expected, that this position of high dignitaries of the Roman church will be reflected in the attitude of many loyal Catholics who are members of legislatures, or of Congress, or who hold other official positions. It is a fact that the attacks in Congress upon the prohibition law are made chiefly by men who are themselves Roman Catholics or who represent constituencies with large Roman Catholic populations. Certainly it

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is likely that Governor Alfred E. Smith is influenced by the views of the Pope and the cardinals on the subject of prohibition.

I repeat that because Governor Smith is personally, ecclesiastically, aggressively, irreconcilably Wet and is ineradicably Tammany-branded, the South's Dry Democrats will oppose him. It is unthinkable that the moral, religious leadership of the South could be a party to the nomination or election of such a man as Governor Smith, thus being guilty of an open betrayal of a great social, economic, and moral reform which was won after years of unselfish labor. If the Houston convention should nominate Governor Smith for President, multiplied thousands of life-long Democrats will decide that Democracy will be better served by the defeat of the Wet Tammany sachem than by his election, and will act accordingly.

Al Smith—Able, Honest, Liberal

By MARY KINGSBURY SIMKHOVITCH

BEING neither a Roman Catholic nor a member of Tammany Hall nor of Irish descent, I am for Smith for President. I do not think that a Catholic is less loyal than a Protestant. Experience is the safest guide. Catholic Supreme Court justices, Senators, and governors have not done us any harm. In fact, the conscious or unconscious desire to class our country as Protestant seems to be at variance with our fundamental law which provides for entire freedom of belief.

The three main objections to Smith are: first, that he is Wet; second, that he is a member of Tammany Hall; and third, that business is safer with a Republican than with a Democratic administration no matter who the candidates are.

The cause of temperance was making great headway when we adopted prohibition. We have now had almost a decade of experience to go on, and no one will deny that the natural result of any prohibition has taken place. The educational process has been replaced by lawlessness. We did not know as much ten years ago about psychology as we do today. Progressive educational ideas, replacing the "thou shalt nots" with positive outlets in the emotional and intellectual life, are now understood more widely. Just as recreational and vocational opportunities are stressed to offset juvenile delinquency rather than a reliance on reformatories and jails, so is education in self-control superior to prohibition. If prohibition is bad social psychology, we must face this fact and ask how it can be honestly met. Governor Smith has not concealed his views on this subject. Is it not possible to take a dispassionate attitude on a question of public policy? Is it necessary to brand any one who desires a modification of the law as unpatriotic or dangerous? Fanaticism, wholly out of keeping with our fundamental constitutional rights, lies in that direction. To enforce the law completely will not be possible for any President, unless Congress votes a sum of money no practical person believes can be obtained. That Smith, if President, would not enforce the law as strictly as funds available would allow, no one believes who knows him and his work intimately.

Smith is a loyal member of Tammany Hall. All organizations have their weak spots. But to make a wholesale indictment of Tammany Hall is to indict the Democratic Party in the city of New York, which is the same as to indict the majority of its citizens. Tammany Hall has had an honorable record as well as a discreditable one. People are members of the organization by neighborly association—I was about to say, almost by the accident of birth. In a sense it is like a large family or clan life, full of mistakes and worse, but also full of sympathy, effective helpfulness, and an intensely realistic understanding of what is practical. Before the social psychologists got busy in their interpretations, Tammany Hall practiced what later the sociologists taught.

Now, Smith was brought up with this crowd. And he is loyal to it as he is loyal to his family, to his church, to his neighborhood, to his city, and to his State. Dependability and clear-sightedness are his major qualities. And he never confuses loyalty, as so many bigots do, with blind agreement and objection to criticism. A real loyalty includes criticism. And that he has given Tammany Hall plenty of it is an open secret. But he has given it from the inside rather than from the outside. That is a legitimate way. "Boring from within" is as reputable a method as opposition from without. Smith has never side-stepped a burden or discarded a responsibility. He has never taken the easier way.

It is often easier to leave a church or family life or a political party than it is to stick and see what changes in these social structures can be effected. All organization is full of defects. The price we pay for it is heavy but in general necessary. I do not say that to get out, to bolt, is not a good way sometimes, too. But that is a question of when and why and how. Smith chooses the old-fashioned, responsible way of sticking.

Finally, there is the argument of prosperity. Many will vote for a Democratic governor who won't vote for a Democratic President. Their idea is that change is disorganizing and disintegrating for business and hence for the country. But though economic security is a primary issue and on it depends a high level in the standard of living, there is to be considered as an even more fundamental issue the whole tone of American life—its regard for honesty in public service, its old emphasis on local responsibility and initiative, its regard for the welfare of the downmost groups which business prosperity has not touched, its ancient privilege of criticism in public life, which the long-continued term in office of any party tends to obscure.

When the Progressive Party of Roosevelt's day went out of business it left the Democratic Party as its only residuary legatee in the field of practical and effective social-minded public criticism. Smith is obviously its ablest leader. With his usual sagacity and common sense, he will by no means desire to kill the goose that lays the golden egg. If he is elected we may therefore expect a maximum of fresh air in political thought and action, with no worry that prosperity will fly out of the window.

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Americans We Like

Waldo L. Cook

By ELIZABETH McCAUSLAND

The Fourteenth in a Series of Personality Portraits

AT ten he was the devoted protector of eight cats. At twenty-two he refused his degree from Tufts on grounds of principle. Still the champion of justice at sixty, he espoused the Sacco-Vanzetti cause.

Always an ardent advocate of reason and fairness, Waldo L. Cook has reaped but a barren harvest after forty years of toil in the vineyards of American journalism. Editor of that historic journal, the *Springfield Republican*, as famous for its unpopular opinions as Oxford for its lost causes, he has had the reward of those who seek to practice the Horatian golden mean. Temperamentally distrustful of extremes, he is equally the target of conservatives and radicals. Yet he persists in his defiance of categories. "I am not a conservative, I am not a liberal, I am Waldo Cook," he declares. This tenacious insistence on his identity and integrity as an individual explains many things. The New England Bourbons never weary of condemning the prophet in their own country, while the theoretical liberals are often out of sympathy with the pragmatism—call it Yankee prudence, if you will—that hedges about this New England editor.

His instincts are generous, his aspirations are unselfish. But his New England blood will out. Not caution, but strategy, that is the keynote of his character. He will not commit himself to positions from which he may be forced subsequently to retreat. His advance is slow, calculated to the circumstances of the hour. He moves forward, well documented, well reinforced, with lines of communication always kept open. He does not choose to permit his emotions or his sympathies to affect his reasoned judgments.

As a fighter, the best boxer of his time at college, and a football player with a reputation as a slugger, undeserved but classic, he wants to hit when he is all set for the blow and he wants to hit where it will do the most damage. Any midnight he can be seen, swinging his Indian clubs in "editorial-row" corridor, this man of whom an old professor said: "Waldo Cook was one of the best all-around athletes that ever went to Tufts. And I have known them all."

As an editor, he does not believe that a newspaper has to abase itself to live. Causes are not followed because they are popular, but because they are right. The moral fervor of the abolitionist and teetotalist father survives in the son, changed but unabated. Yet there is no fanaticism here, only a constant balancing of what is ideally right and desirable with what can be accomplished. For Waldo Cook has lived long enough to know that while all else changes, life's continuity is unbroken. He does not want revolution. A neat and tidy mental inheritance from his New England ancestors insists on order and logic in human affairs as well as in kitchens and corner cupboards. He does not want the strata of human history and time to slip suddenly and violently, as if in an earthquake. He wants instead a gradual permeation of society by, a gradual consent to, liberal ideas. There is no rashness in him, no desire to pull down the pillars of the temple—at least not as long as there is no other temple to take its place. It is a quality of temperament.

These characteristics, disciplined and trained by forty years' experience as reporter, editorial writer, and editor, have produced the man who today is one of the few American journalists who can be counted on to deal honestly and independently with public questions. It is one of the curses of anonymous journalism that credit is not always given where it is due. Woodrow Wilson once labored under the delusion that Samuel Bowles was still editing the *Republican* when he said, "There's a fine old man up there who's supporting me."

When the Sacco-Vanzetti case enlisted Waldo Cook's support, he cast aside his reticence and shyness. When all else seemed to have failed, a committee composed of John F. Moors, Edward S. Drown, John Lovejoy Elliott, Dr. Alice Hamilton, Paul Kellogg, and Waldo Cook, went to the State House to appeal to the Governor. The Governor's secretary, Herman MacDonald, met the committee.

"Is it true, Mr. Cook," he asked, "that you received $20,000 for writing that editorial?"

"It's a damned lie."

It was a damned lie. Waldo Cook is incapable of embracing a cause unless his reason has been convinced. Bribes do not exist in his cosmogony; $20,000 or $200,000 would be equally powerless to affect his decision.

Nowhere has the man's nature revealed itself more truthfully than in this case. If strategy is his dominant intellectual quality, sympathy and unselfish tenderness are his chief emotional characteristics. These united dictated his course. He never urged that Sacco and Vanzetti were innocent. On that point he did not form a final opinion. But he tenaciously held to his line of attack, reiterating again and again the existence of a "reasonable doubt" as cause wherefore a second trial should be granted. Fearing by an untimely word to precipitate a premature crisis in a hazardous situation, he reserved his big artillery. Down to the time when the Massachusetts Supreme Court ruled that it would not reopen the case, he hoped for a new trial on the basis of the Madeiros confession. More than that, he expected a new trial. The decision which sent the case to the Governor was a great shock to him. So obvious were the legal and logical flaws in the case that he could not conceive that they would not be detected by the Governor. He had faith in Fuller.

On both occasions he lost his faith. And when Fuller's decision not to commute the death sentence was announced, he gave at last full vent to the righteous indignation which had been gathering in his breast. Then he wrote We Submit—and Protest, that bitter echo of the 1927 Pulitzer

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Prize editorial's title, the Boston *Herald* having by this time renounced all pretensions to moral grandeur and relapsed into a "play-safe" policy.

But he never lost faith—he says it resolutely, even today—in the ultimate victory of truth. Such a faith he needed to sustain him in those days when practically single-handed, a lone editor in a hostile State, amid a hostile population, he battled for what he believed to be right. While Massachusetts echoed to the hysterically insane cry of "support the courts" and the prime issue of the men's guilt or innocence was obscured in a frenzy of fear and hatred, he went his solitary way, presenting his reasoned analysis of the evidence, hoping till the end.

What years devoted to unpopular causes led up to this fortissimo of unpopularity? At Tufts he had taken a stand for principle when he refused to accept the rather unimportant degree of Ph.B. then awarded students in the modern-language course. Believing his work to be fully as good as that done in the classical course, he petitioned for the B.A., and, when this was denied, he refused to take the inferior degree. Later his college was glad to honor him both with the degree he had asked for and with an M.A. as well. At twenty-three Waldo Cook joined the *Republican* under Samuel Bowles the third; "S. B." he was known to his "bright young men." Young Cook worked the first week for nothing. The second he received $6. The *Republican* has many traditions. One of these is that good men and true work for love not money. This tradition the *Republican* still treasures—and, amazing as it may seem, retains the affections of its "graduates." At thirty-one he became a regular editorial writer. Since 1896 he has weathered eight Presidential campaigns. He is perhaps less optimistic that "somehow good will come of ill" than in 1900 when the *Republican* flung its bonnet over the windmill for Bryan and anti-imperialism. But he is still willing to take up the cudgels in a good cause, witness his frequent editorial utterances to the effect that religion should not be constituted an extra-constitutional qualification for the Presidency, either in the case of Al Smith or Walsh of Montana.

Since he dedicated himself to the editorial page he has seen the rise and fall of many issues—the Philippine question, the imperialism of 1898-1904, the trust-busting of the Roosevelt era, the liberalism of the first Wilson Administration, the social experiment of prohibition, the League of Nations, the Palmer deportation raids, the oil scandals. And in all of these he has taken the liberal side, not extremely, not violently, but with the tactics and measured strategy of the coolly reasonable mind.

A Danish Adventure

By SIGNE TOKSVIG

A FRIENDLY Irishman says that he is struck by two great instincts in the Danes: one, they want everything to be done lawfully and in order, and, two, they yearn to feed their fellow-beings. Thirty thousand Austrian children learned the truth of the second in Danish homes after the war, and another illustration has recently been thrillingly enacted.

Denmark, like other post-war countries, is confronted with a serious problem of industrial unemployment and is solving it, like other countries, by the dole. But, for one reason and another, certain unemployed people are not entitled to the dole, some of them are without a home, and they take to the road to earn a casual living as best they may. In the north of the peninsula of Jutland, where great national movements have often risen, a good number of these wanderers got together not long ago and decided that they would march in a body to Copenhagen and present to the Government a demand for work or support. On March 5 about two hundred of them met in a town called Kjellerup, a place of some fifteen hundred inhabitants. When the Kjelleruppians saw the poor "Homeless," as they call themselves, with all their misery revealed by the spring sun, the good burghers did not go in and lock their doors and wait for the swarm to pass on, as they might have done. Instead, the town council offered them the gymnastics hall, well warmed and filled with clean straw, to sleep in. They gave them split-pea soup and noble sides of bacon for dinner in the evening. Private individuals attended to their morning coffee. The town provided lunch, more good soup, and mountains of sandwiches. A collection was taken up by the people, to which four hundred contributed, none less than a krone (somewhat more than a shilling), so that the leaders of the Homeless were presented with about a thousand kroner. Feeling this was not enough, the barber at the corner shaved and clipped for nothing every Homeless who came to him. A tobacco dealer gave out cigarettes by the hundred, and people ran up to the Homeless in the street, hanging clothes on their arms and shoving shoes into their hands. One young man who was in rags was dragged into a shop by a dealer and sent out again, newly outfitted from top to toe.

By this time, not strange to say, the flock had swelled to three hundred. They had elected president, vice-president, secretary, and cashier. They had voted to present the following resolution to the government:

> (1) The government must create work and give us regular pay for it, or (2) pay us a dole of two-thirds our regular wages, or (3) get land for us in Canada or Argentina. If it won't do any of these things, we may have to resort to violent means.

And then they hoisted their banners, "Kjellerup to Copenhagen," and "We Demand Work." They cheered roundly for the little town and marched away, everyone hanging out of his window waving them a friendly farewell.

Late that afternoon they arrived at Silkeborg, a town of about ten thousand, and, if you please, Silkeborg had sent out a brass band to meet them, as well as many curious onlookers. But not merely curious. Sympathy ran high. The Homeless were escorted to the gymnastics hall of the main school where tables gaily decorated with fresh tulips and solid food awaited them. The city council and the local committee for children's meals saw to it that they were offered large platters of rice porridge with lumps of Danish butter, and sausages afterward, and other good

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things. During the evening the trade-union association gave them an entertainment with song and music, and then they were warmly bedded in the same hall. In the morning the cooperative bakery sent around 1,100 rolls, and lunch was likewise arranged for.

At this point the Danish newspapers, especially that enterprising organ *Politiken*, had stirred the country by sympathetic accounts, and a new element entered. The new element was Lieutenant Clauson-Kaas, a young man of the very best family and prone to impulses which hitherto had been of the most neck-breaking recklessness. The Lieutenant had tried nearly everything: he had run away to the Whites in Finland when he was a mere boy, had later been an aviator in the Danish army, and most lately of all, had amused himself by daring parachute descents. He read the newspaper reports of the Homeless, got an idea, and, as that type always does, immediately converted the idea into action. He wired the Homeless that as they were forming an army they would need a commander, and he wished to offer his services. A return wire invited him to come on, and included a promise of unconditional obedience.

Silkeborg sent the Homeless on their way with speeches and hurrahs, several hundred kroner, and, of course, sandwiches. En route for Skanderborg, their next stop, they were met by the parish council of Ry village and begged to partake of afternoon coffee and cake. While they were seated at this typical Danish refreshment, the young Lieutenant arrived, shining in a smart French uniform, and radiating the smile for which he is now famous. He was greeted with cheers, at once began to organize his troop, and on his motor-cycle slowly preceded them to Skanderborg, a town of about four thousand.

All the people of Skanderborg, or nearly so, were out to meet them and escorted them up to the city hall where the mayor was ready with a welcoming speech, in which he mentioned the justice of their demand and hoped it would be met. Skanderborg had intended to offer them dinner in the hall of the artisans' association, but, as the Homeless were now nearly five hundred, the council had feared the hall might not be large enough, and had made an appeal to private generosity. Five hundred and thirty invitations came from the burghers; more than enough, so that several would-be hosts expressed their disappointment. In practically every house, from the poorest to the richest, tables were lavishly set for the visitors. There were homes which received from ten to fifteen young men. An evening entertainment was provided in the artisans' hall, as well as sleeping quarters. The next morning the local Ford dealer offered to lend them a new Ford and a Daimler to carry the leaders. The mayor made a speech before their departure, thanking them for their exemplary behavior and wishing them luck.

Their "technical leader," the young lieutenant, had already drilled them so well that they swung along firmly and rhythmically. Horsens was the next stop, a town of some twenty-seven thousand, but they consented to delay and eat their Skanderborg sandwiches in a village meeting-hall where coffee was pressed upon them.

Horsens, not to be outdone by lesser towns, sent out a whole orchestra to meet them with gay music. The director of schools greeted them with a speech of welcome on behalf of the city, and offered the school baths for those who might wish to make use of them. They washed, and thereupon dinner was served in the school hall—sweet soup (a Danish favorite) and steak. In the assembly hall an excellent and much-applauded entertainment was given, and there, too, they slept. It must not be forgotten that the Horsens chapter of the Red Cross met the boys with everything needful for sore and wayworn feet, including new socks. The Lieutenant, getting hoarser and hoarser, was heard commanding "Section six on receiving duty for clothes"—for ladies kept arriving with such gifts—and "Section five elect three men to receive cash contributions," and so on. It is really not strange that he was able to persuade his flock to delete the last part of the resolution referring to possible "violent means," and to exchange their red armlets for green ones.

So far, indeed, life had been a dream of sweet soup. But in government circles in Copenhagen bitterness, not to say apprehension, was beginning to gather. Apprehension at least was claimed. No doubt there was some truth in the assertion that Copenhagen would be unfairly burdened if so many Homeless should make it their objective. But there was also the fear that the need of the unemployed was being dramatized too vividly. So much sympathy might not be good for the Conservatives at the next election. And, as the Conservatives are at present in power, they decided to stop the procession. Dignified words were uttered about the possibility of riots, and the Minister of Justice telephoned to Vejle, the next halt of the Homeless, that the town ought not to feed them, and that they were to disband at once, even before they got there. The Lieutenant was threatened with dismissal from his regiment if he continued with them, and sixty policemen were sent to Vejle.

The Lieutenant, game to the end, replied that these people had trusted him, that they had not done a single thing out of the way, and that he would do only what their committee of leaders agreed to. Meanwhile he encouraged them to proceed from Horsens to Vejle.

Vejle also had its civic pride, and, despite the scowls of the Minister of Justice, it carried through the program it had decided upon: a sympathetic speech of welcome by the mayor and a good dinner in the workers' assembly hall; bedding in four gymnastic halls; coffee as usual.

But the sweet dream was over. At a meeting of the whole five hundred the leaders and the Lieutenant reported the result of their negotiations with the Government and asked the assembly if they intended to go on against the formal prohibition of the law, especially since the law had offered to give every man a free railway ticket to wherever in Jutland he might want to fare. And the Government consented to receive their elected deputation.

There were a few wrathful bubbles from the very young, but the other great Danish instinct conquered. All things must be done lawfully and in order. It was decided to disband. A vote of confidence in the young Lieutenant was passed and hoarsely he assured them that the trip had not been in vain, the attention of the whole country had been drawn to their state. The money collected would be equally divided among them. "You are not tramps and good-for-nothings! You are men who want your rights, but you are men who obey the law." A few Communists tried to stampede the meeting by assailing the Lieutenant for his early connection with the Finnish Whites. They demanded no disbandment and on to Copenhagen. For a few minutes disorder reigned. Then the Lieutenant commanded, "All who are ready to disband and get their railway tickets and sandwich packages, troop up!" They all trooped up.

The affair is not over. The legality of dispersing the

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"army" is being questioned, for while the Danes believe in obeying the law they believe still more in scrutinizing it. As for the effect of the demonstration, it is probably as good as if they had marched across the islands to the capital. At any rate, Kjellerup and Silkeborg and Skanderborg and Horsens and Vejle have had a great time indulging their instinct for feeding their fellow-beings.

In the Driftway

COMPANIONATE marriage, the Drifter hazarded in the issue of May 2, is already legally possible to any couple willing to embark upon an American ship and able to persuade the skipper to marry them on the high seas. The Drifter reached this conclusion after reading the decision of a Chicago judge that no State of the Union authorized sea weddings and such ceremonies were "not void but voidable" upon the application of either party. The eyes of Steven T. Byington of Ballard Vale, Massachusetts, lit upon the paragraph, and he writes to say:

> Some years ago the State of New York wanted to improve its marriage law, and enacted a statute by which persons may no longer marry by making a private oral agreement with each other, but, if they do not employ the regular officials, must make their agreement in writing and have witnesses, whereupon the marriage is valid if recorded in the county clerk's office within six months, but otherwise not.
>
> Obviously, when the marriage becomes valid it must be valid as of some certain date, presumably either the date on which the paper is signed or the date on which it is recorded.
>
> One might think, as its validity is not complete till it is recorded, that the marital relationship would begin when the recording was done. But suppose a couple draw up their contract, and then (not necessarily by their fault) the man is killed before it is recorded. The bride records it. Now she is safely married—the law distinctly provides that—but her husband married her after his death, so that she cannot inherit his estate because she did not become his wife till after his death. The conclusion seems unacceptable.
>
> Well, then, let us understand that when it is recorded it is valid from the date on which it is signed. Then New York has a pretty good law for a six months' trial marriage. You sign your paper, put it in a safe-deposit box, and live together till you find out whether you are suited. The paper surely protects you against interference, and if at any time within six months you decide that you want permanence, you record it and you were duly married from the start. If you are dissatisfied, you just move out of the flat and don't record your paper, and that ends all.

* * * * *

THIS leads one to ask how many want freer sex relations. Not many of our youth, if one can trust a questionnaire initiated by Professor C. G. Dittmer of New York University, the result of which was set forth in the New York *Herald Tribune*. Professor Dittmer obtained data from 147 men and 138 women students. If all that we hear of the wild life and woolly ideas of the younger generation is true, then surely our young intellectuals of the college campuses should cast a formidable vote in favor of less rigid sex relations. But, lo, Professor Dittmer reports, 94 per cent of the men students and 95 per cent of the women declared themselves in favor of legal marriage. Sixty-seven per cent of the men and 70 per cent of the women said that they were for legalized birth control, but only 73 per cent of the men and 62 per cent of the women favored divorce by mutual consent for childless couples. More striking still were the answers to the final question: "Would you like companionate marriage for yourself?" Only 45 per cent of the men and 33 per cent of the women said that they would.

* * * * *

ALL of which may surprise some persons but not in the least the Drifter. He observes that the average age of the men questioned was twenty years and of the women half-past nineteen. These young folks have grown up on the *Saturday Evening Post* and the *Woman's Home Companion;* they believe in love in a cottage (costing $25,000), with a car and a cook, and expect implicitly to live happily ever after. Not among them will you find the belief that love is a fleeting and wayward sprite whom one should not seek to bind too tightly.

* * * * *

THE Drifter regards it as significant and encouraging that so large a minority of Professor Dittmer's witnesses declared for a qualified and partial relaxation of our marriage customs, but he thinks the "ayes" might be stronger in a similar group ten or twenty years older. New ideas do not spread horizontally according to age but vertically according to mind. The theory of a moral and mental gulf between the younger and the older generation is a myth as old as the Garden of Eden and as untrue as the Serpent that dwelt therein. Dick drives his car a bit faster than Dad and Miriam wears her skirts a little shorter than Mother, but the difference in fundamentals between any two succeeding generations is so slight as to be hardly measurable. What we call the moral and mental gulf between them is only a difference in the elasticity of their legs and their capacity to stick out an all-night party. Nature has provided that man shall not progress too fast either toward Gehenna or Paradise.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

It Seems to Governor Sweet

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: When one reads The Case of Andrew W. Mellon in *The Nation* for June 20 one is convinced that corruption must be the chief issue of the approaching campaign. But when one reads Heywood Broun on Protestantism and Prohibition, with its defense of nullification, one finds here an issue far more fundamental than honesty in government. Mellons and Falls may come and go, but observance of law is the warp and woof of our democratic institutions. Under the guise of personal liberty open and flagrant law violation is justified. It is an evil thing for a public official to rob the government, but it is far worse to undermine it by setting at naught its laws and defying its officials. All respect is due those who honestly believe the Eighteenth Amendment a mistake and take all lawful means to change the Volstead Act, but this is a very different method from wilful law-breaking in order to make it appear that the law cannot be enforced. Mr. Broun thinks that prohibition breeds lawlessness. How much law-breaking is due to prohibition per se and how much to open unabashed advocacy of nullification?

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The Drys are urged by Mr. Broun "not to engage in a vast filibuster" but to consent to another contest on this issue. Certainly the Wets will be accommodated. I ask in all fairness, however, how long must the people submit to the remedying of the "flaw in the constitutional structure by the practice of nullification"? Suppose Mr. Hoover is elected and an honest effort made to enforce the Volstead Act. Will Mr. Broun obey it and submit gracefully to its provisions? Will he please tell us where honest acceptance of this law begins and dishonest nullification ends? He says "one victory does not give permanent possession." How many victories will?

Clarence True Wilson's call to the church to line up for the battle for prohibition gives Mr. Broun great concern lest "our institutions be undermined by the practice which the Protestant churches have brought into popularity." Heywood Broun is no mean underminer himself. Mr. Wilson's call to the churches to mobilize for an effective Dry campaign would be just about as effective in bringing about a union of church and state in this country as the Senate chaplain's prayers are in evangelizing the members of the United States Senate. The church has always been a bitter and unrelenting foe of the liquor traffic. The saloon has been abolished by the effective work of the organized church. Not all Protestant church members are Dry, but the vast majority are. These are the backbone of the Dry forces, the shock troops of the whole campaign. It was perfectly natural, logical, and proper for Mr. Wilson to call upon the church to get ready for the impending conflict. And the churches will not be found wanting.

Whenever a Methodist conference, a Presbyterian assembly, or the Federal Council of Churches strikes a blow at an unsocial practice or industrial evil someone says the church is meddling, and Mr. Broun does not omit to say so in this instance. He thinks that some time the church might make a pronouncement in regard to the tariff if its attempt to have the Volstead Act enforced should go unrebuked. Just so long as wrong social practices exist in our civilization the church will have something to say. It may be the twelve-hour day in industry; it may be the abridgment of the right to collective bargaining; whatever it is which affects the moral and economic life of the nation adversely, the church will not remain silent. It is the business of the church to keep the conscience of its members sensitive to wrongdoing of all kinds, both individual and social. It will take more than the churches to wage a successful Dry fight. Few large employers of labor have changed their views on the value of prohibition and production.

Colorado was made constitutionally Dry in 1912 through the efforts of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, the Anti-Saloon League, and the churches, aided by the Republican Party. Mr. Broun's effort to classify Catholics as Wet will not be successful. He does well to call attention to the Wet-and-Dry issue as of paramount importance. If the Wets follow Mr. Broun's advice on nullification it will not cease to be an isssue in this country for many decades to come.

Princeton, New Jersey, June 19 WILLIAM E. SWEET

Why Drys Should Support Al

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: This is the time for all good Drys to brace themselves firmly against the danger of being driven away from the Democratic Party through fear of its Wetness. There is no reason to assume that Governor Smith's personal tastes would obstruct his executive duties, or that a Dry President would mean immediate collapse of bootleggery. With Governor Smith as President Drys would be as free to carry on their fight as before, and time fights with them. The disgruntled topers must ultimately succumb. If it were merely a choice of driving out by votes rum or "rascals," the latter might perhaps be kept a little longer without irremediable disaster. But the issue that cannot wait—O Drys, take this to heart—is the protection of natural resources, which when once lost can never be recalled. In comparison to this, with all that it may mean in the spread of power and comfort and enlightenment in the wilderness and the lonely places, how unimportant it seems if a few addicts here and there continue to compass the exhilaration they crave.

Whitman, Mass., June 19 MARGARET A. GAFFNEY

Not Howard, but Harvard

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your article The Million Dollar Lobby stated that the gigantic lobby maintained by the Joint Committee of the National Utilities Association, composed of the National Electric Light Association, the American Gas Association, and the American Railway Association, had paid $33,000 to Howard University.

I am advised by Dr. Emmett J. Scott, secretary-treasurer of the university, that "there is not one word of truth in this statement and our financial records evidence no payments f that character for any department of the university." On behalf of the trustees of the university, I must request, therefore, that you will make a correction of your published statement. I am sure that you will be glad to do this.

Washington, May 23 MORDECAI W. JOHNSON, President

[We are indeed glad to repair this injustice. We are informed by the *United States Daily*, from whose verbatim report of the testimony we took the statement, that it was due to a typographical error. The testimony was of a payment to Harvard, not Howard, University.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

Paradise Enow

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: That's what I say—"What is this talk about Utopia?" In a country where Villard in *The Nation* and Mencken in the *Mercury* can be bought at news-stands, one for fifteen cents a week and the other for four-bits a month, what more do you want? Isn't that Utopia enough?

Portland, Oregon, June 15 ALBERT JOURDAN

Contributors to This Issue

JAMES CANNON, JR., is Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and chairman of the legislative committee of the Anti-Saloon League.

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RAYMOND LESLIE BUELL is the author of "The Native Problem in Africa."

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Books

Song of the Moderns

By JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

We more than others have the perfect right
To see the cities like flambeaux flare along the night.

We more than others have the right to cast away
Thought like a withered leaf, since it has served its day;

Since for this transient joy which not for long can burn
Within our hearts, we gave up in return

Ten thousand years of holy magic power
Drawn from the darkness to transcend death's hour.

For every witch that died an electric lamp shall flare,
For every wizard drowned, the clear blue air

Shall roar with jazz-bands into listening ears;
For every alchemist who spent in vain his years

Seeking the stone of truth, a motor-horn
Shall scare the sheep that wander among the corn.

And there shall be no more the spirits of the deep,
Nor holy satyrs slumbering upon the steep,

Nor angels at a manger or a cross.
Life shall go on; to ugly gain or loss;

Yet vaster and more tragic, till at last
This present too shall make part of the past:—

Till all the joy and tragedy that man knows
Today, become stiff gravestones in long rows:

Till none dare look on the mountains ranked afar,
And think "These are the cast-off leavings of some star."

A Prophetic Book

Possible Worlds and Other Papers. By J. B. S. Haldane. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

"POSSIBLE WORLDS" is the name of a point of view concerning science and many other things that has gone with the name of J. B. S. Haldane ever since he wrote a book of winged words called "Daedalus." "Possible Worlds" is also the title of an essay in this book that tells philosophers how to think in step with current science. The other papers are maps of island universes of thought, most of which Mr. Haldane has helped to discover, or for which he is asking a place in the sun of everyman's attention. This is an exciting and prophetic book.

Its style alone would make it exciting. The docile reader soon learns to see a group of diverse facts in somewhat unusual relations as a single pattern, and just when he is feeling a certain warmth of acquaintance with them, Mr. Haldane drops one or two more innocent-looking pieces of information into their midst. Presto! Facts are not what they seemed; they are signs pointing irresistibly to a general and unexpected conclusion. Some solid-looking piece of common sense collapses, and in its place there opens out a new and breath-taking vista. Sometimes this is done in a sentence, sometimes it takes a paragraph, and on review a whole essay reveals such a plot. What is more, this style is not a trick; it is the outward and visible sign of the inward and evasive essence of laboratory procedure that is Mr. Haldane's subject matter. It seems likely that the logician and student of scientific method could learn more about the inductive and experimental art from this sort of exposition than from a whole library of logical theory. For scientific procedure is an art. Mr. Haldane whispers this secret between the lines of the essay entitled Science and Theology as Art Forms, but his style is itself the best exhibition of it.

As one reads on, there arises a suspicion and a question. One is regaled with metaphor and analogy in abundance. The sense of a literary mind with many poetic overtones grows and informs the subject matter. Is this the window-trimming of the ubiquitous popularizer, or do these metaphors and analogies play a necessary part in the intellectual economy of the laboratory? There is an essay relating the fine adjustments of sizes and powers of the parts of living organisms to the functions of transport and communication in the modern political state. There is the essay on Possible Worlds, a Chinese puzzle-box of analogies elaborated into allegories; and Mr. Haldane offers this as a sample of the sort of thinking that is necessary if we are to keep up with science. How far, if at all, does such imaginative thinking contribute to what we like to call hard-headed science? One suspects that there is a closer connection than our prophets of science allow us to guess. Perhaps the danger of popularization is a laboratory problem first; perhaps there is an original sin against logic in the scientific mind for which the mind of the man in the street is now being blamed and disciplined. Or the reverse may be true, that the wishful thinking and traditional biases of the popular mind are the only available source of the ideas which the laboratory sorts and tests, especially since revelation is out of fashion. The laboratory, like other institutions, is the vehicle and transformer of culture, not the undefiled source of immaculate conceptions. Mr. Haldane could answer this question in an interesting and uncomfortable essay.

He is a prophet and moralist as well as a scientist. Science ought to be applied and the introduction of scientific techniques should be hastened. The good life depends on the flexibility of mind and habit that would allow this. In this belief he is, like most prophets, only an acute and up-to-date historian. He is no more than on time in accepting the present rapid trend. Already the standards of the good life that are most effective, say, health and happiness, are defined and, one might add, limited by the present state of science. At any rate, in this country schools, courts, churches, restaurants, drugstores, and worried mothers talk the language of the laboratory and impress upon us the folkways of the scientific society with only the normal degree of dilution for any rapid process of diffusion. The sad part of it is that the laboratory is slow in providing the necessary materials for making its teachings practicable ways of life. It is time that some scientist counseled caution to allow him to catch up with demand.

Mr. Haldane does not do this, but perhaps he does something better. He is a gay prophet, neither preaching nor kicking us into the new folkways. Rather he holds up dramatic moral dilemmas and asks us to bet on them. With a twinkle in his eye he invites us to follow him in the intellectual handsprings that he does so well. He is a little satanic in his proposals, but it seems that one travels more comfortably and leisurely with a devil than with an angel these days. In this aspect he represents a new type of scientist which it is well for us to watch. There are many of his kind in the laboratories and there will be more. Perhaps Lucifer will again be a light-bringer and his happy intellect will transform science from a black art into a beneficent art, possibly even a fine art. Mr. Haldane is reassuring if you have any fears for the outcome.

SCOTT BUCHANAN

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Heart and Head

Lafayette. By Henry Dwight Sedgwick. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $5.

Lafayette. By Joseph Delteil. Translated by Jacques LeClercq. Minton, Balch and Company. $3.50.

UNLESS some evidence that is not now available should be discovered, there will be no essential disagreements among the biographers of Lafayette upon the role he played in the American Revolution. Some will insist, more than Mr. Sedgwick, that the laurels the young general won were tributes to his position as a link between France and America rather than to his military ability, but probably all will be inclined to accept him as a capable adolescent, nobly enthusiastic for a cause and commendably ambitious for a career.

There conflict among them will begin, and largely because there conflict began in Lafayette. In his early twenties he found himself at the same time a symbol of republicanism and one of the wealthiest aristocrats in France. He cultivated the pose of republicanism, though never surrendering any of the material advantages of the nobleman. On the one hand he represented the nobility in the Estates General, though he might have chosen to sit in the Third Estate; he refused to join the Third Estate when other liberal nobles were doing so, because his instructions did not give him the power; he shielded the Count of Provence in the famous Favras case, though Favras himself was allowed to suffer the death of a counter-revolutionary; he shot down people who were signing a petition against the king after Louis XVI had repudiated the revolution and attempted flight; he left his army, at a crucial moment, to support a traitorous king against a constitutionally established legislature, and deserted his post because that king was suspended; he helped to overthrow Napoleon, the product of the revolution, to make room for Louis XVIII, the product of the ancient regime; and in 1830, though the leader of the Republicans, he accepted the bourgeois king, because "France was not ready for a republic." On the other hand, he prepared the way for the calling of the Estates General more than any one other man; he gave dignity to the revolution of July 14, 1789, by accepting the position of commander-in-chief of the newly created municipal guard; he failed to make himself dictator when a less scrupulous (or more competent) man might easily have done so; he preferred years of prison and exile to joining the forces allied against France or becoming a henchman of Napoleon; and he led the liberals in their opposition to the reaction under Louis XVIII and Charles X.

There is, of course, no reason why a man who lived for almost eighty years should have been consistent in all the deeds of his long lifetime, particularly when so much of his maturer life was already determined by an impulsive act of his youth. There certainly is no reason, nevertheless, why he should not have felt that his every act conformed to an ideal that he had come to regard with as much habitual and conventional lip-service as a devout Catholic does Christianity. Lafayette's republican creed "took him in." But there is no reason why his probably entirely sincere rationalizations should have taken in his biographer likewise.

But Mr. Sedgwick is taken in. Along with Lafayette he assumes that Lafayette always acted out of motives of the purest democracy. He therefore apologizes for every unrepublican act of Lafayette; and his apology often takes the form of calling the opponents of Lafayette hard names, which not only begs the question, but is not always deserved (particularly when he hopelessly confuses Girondins and Jacobins and considers all Jacobins *ipso facto* scoundrels). And so Lafayette comes through in the end with the strength of ten because his heart is pure, even if his head is a little thick. One is not surprised that the very last words of the book are "Lafayette, we are here!"

Mr. Sedgwick has done a great deal of work and learned a great deal about Lafayette. With more critical discrimination he might have written a splendid biography. Even so, his work is a paragon compared to M. Delteil's. M. Delteil sees the conflict in Lafayette—between the man of the head and the man of the heart, as he calls it—much more clearly than Mr. Sedgwick. But that is the only merit his book has. Otherwise it is a series of libidinous images, which perhaps to a better-trained mind than mine would represent the Freudian complexes of the faithful husband and respectable citizen that Lafayette was. Certainly there is very little in it that a mere historian would accept as "fact."

LOUIS R. GOTTSCHALK

A History of British Labor

A Short History of the British Working-Class Movement. By G. D. H. Cole. Three volumes in two. The Macmillan Company. $7.

THE British Labor Movement has, in the last twenty-five years, inspired many historians of its past and chroniclers of its present. Almost every phase and section has been covered, but never the movement as a whole. The Webbs, indeed, almost achieved this, but their mission was to trace the growth of trade unionism and the many excursions they made into other fields were always subordinated to the main theme. Now G. D. H. Cole has endeavored to give a broad survey of the history of the Labor Movement showing its three main sections—the trade unions, the political organizations, and the cooperative societies—growing up side by side, "deriving their strength from a common necessity and a common inspiration, and, though their paths at times diverge, making for a common goal."

This is no easy task, and one for which 600 pages are all too few, but on the whole Mr. Cole has succeeded admirably. His treatment of the economic background in which the movement developed and the chapters at the end of each volume on the condition of the working classes are particularly helpful. He has, perhaps, devoted too much of his attention to industrial struggles and, at times, treated the political side of the movement in rather a perfunctory way. But this was to be expected, for trade unionism has always been his hobby and, for him, an election can never be as exciting as a strike.

Each of the three volumes of this book covers a distinct period in the development of the British Labor Movement. The first, from about 1800 to 1850, was a time of unorganized mass movements, demonstrations of the newly created proletariat against industrialism rather than against capitalism. The new age of coal and iron covered the green fields with a smoky blanket under which the workers struggled blindly against unknown enemies. In the darkness the labor trinity came to life. With the repeal of the anti-combination laws began the molding of the trade union into the main vehicle for working-class expression. Owen and the Rochdale pioneers gave an ideal and a method to the cooperative movement. The Chartist organizations were the forerunners of the Labor Party.

The second half of the nineteenth century was a period of comparative quiet. The prolonged birth-pains of industrialism were over. Prosperity and constant expansion allowed a steady, if slow, improvement in the workers' standard of living. The Labor Movement lost its elements of revolt. It devoted itself to building up efficient organizations and to pulling down one by one the barriers that stood between the workers and economic and political freedom. It was not a period of intense class-consciousness. The organized workers were the skilled men, the aristocracy of labor, who in doctrine were in harmony with the prevailing liberalism. Only toward the end of the century did signs of sharper conflict appear in the struggles of the semi-organized unskilled laborers, encouraged

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by the newly risen Socialist groups to make themselves heard.

The period covered by the third volume opened with the turn of the century and the foundation of the Labor Party. This new instrument soon proved its value to the workers. The privileges of the trade unions, attacked at this time by two famous legal decisions, were fully restored by the use of political power. The stimulative effect on the Liberals of the sudden rise of the Labor Party was proved by a mass of important social legislation. The years just prior to the war saw, too, increased activity on the industrial front. Syndicalists and Guild Socialists were endeavoring to transform trade unionism into "a positive instrument for the creation of a socialist society," and their agitation helped bring about a great epidemic of strikes.

The war caused a truce both politically and industrially, but within a few months of the armistice the conflict was renewed. In dealing with these post-war years Mr. Cole directs attention to the coal trade, which, he finds, symbolizes the economic problem with which British labor is faced. Here is an industry, once immensely prosperous, struggling with increased costs and decreased foreign markets. The operators, engaged in desperate competition, have been able to unite only on one point—a determination that the miners should bear the burden of the industry's decay. Two prolonged strikes and innumerable lesser disputes have ended in the defeat and the crippling of the miners' unions. All the other great British industries have been in much the same state of depression.

Under these circumstances the efforts of the workers since the war to defend and improve their standards have encountered increasing resistance. Two events, one political and one industrial, stand out. Mr. Cole hardly does justice to the work of the first Labor Government. He appears to be one of the many who believed that the experiment should not be made. It meant, of course, that labor had to undergo the severe test of adjusting its enthusiasms to the exigencies of the political situation.

When the Labor Government was defeated the labor pendulum swung back to industrial action, a movement which ended in the General Strike. This Mr. Cole describes "as a half-hearted attempt to run a revolution in the spirit of a friendly game of cribbage." Its collapse weakened the Labor Movement sufficiently to allow the Tory Government to pass the reactionary Trade Union Act. Trade unionists have since turned against the General Strike as a weapon. Their half-heartedness in its use arose, perhaps, from a consciousness that while the labor Samson, by exerting his full strength, might pull down the pillars of British society he would undoubtedly be buried in the ruins.

KEITH HUTCHISON

Repression in Rumania

Roumania Ten Years After. By Henry A. Atkinson, R. A. McGowan, John Howland Lathrop, Graham Hunter, and Jules Jezquel. Boston: Beacon Press. $1.50.

WHEN that garbled version of Woodrow Wilson's idealism which is the Versailles Peace Treaty was put into effect, Queen Marie's Rumania received the generous spoils of some 125 per cent increase in territory and almost 200 per cent increase in population. Since this adjustment, whereby Rumania suddenly became suzerain to more than ten million Russians, Hungarians, Jews, Germans, Austrians, and Bulgarians, rather obviously negated Mr. Wilson's ideas on self-determination, the peace pact provided a minorities treaty which the Rumanian Government signed, pledging "full guaranties of liberty and justice to all inhabitants, both of the old kingdom of Rumania and of the territory added thereto, to whatever race, language, or origin they may belong."

Complaints that Rumania was violating her pledges immediately appeared and were corroborated by several investigations. This book is the report of an American commission composed of representatives of various Christian sects which made the latest investigation there. It is a model of detached study and temperate statement; it grants official Rumania every consideration, gives her the benefit of every doubt, accepts every possible extenuating circumstance. Nevertheless it cannot hide—nor does it try—the flagrant persecution and mailed-fist assimilation with which the government has tortured these newly won minorities. It cites policies as well as instances of civic discrimination and religious intolerance. Baptists, Lutherans, Jews, and Catholics—in fact, members of any faith other than the Greek Orthodox, which is the state church—are victims of constant and violent injustice. The mild temper of the commission and the intolerable conditions of the land are both revealed in the declaration that "There have been excesses, acts of terrorism, and such molestation of peaceful elements of the population as to cause continual fear and unrest and generally to reflect badly upon those who are responsible for the peace and welfare of the country."

J. J. S.

Two Worlds

The Seventh Hill. By Robert Hillyer. The Viking Press. $1.50.

Burning Bush. By Louis Untermeyer. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

TO be in the country where the wind itself is moving the grasses, and birds are more actual than anyone's words, is a severe test for a volume that is made up largely of all that exists away from cities. Robert Hillyer's seventh volume of verse achieves the visual reality in such lines as

> When fields give up their ebbing green
> And two bats interweave their flight,

and

> Autumn advances leaf by leaf,

in a manner somewhat reminiscent of Hodgson.

His poetry, lacking excitement and that internal fire which causes a poem to detach itself from the page, has an uncommon surety and calm, and his poetic level is high and sustained. Being a mature poet, free from self-conscious detail and the sterile striving of inexperience, he can write as perfect a poem as the second one in the book, When I Say For Ever I Think of the Temple of Zeus, which surpasses all the short poems and many of the long ones. And he can induce an atmosphere as remarkable as this under Meditations:

> As I was faring through a wood
> Bewildered as I was,
> I came upon a wayside rood
> That glistered clear as glass.

The poem wanders to a length that breaks the ominous simplicity of the first stanza.

The Farthest Country is Tierra Del Fuego and The Stars Came Out But Her Love Came Never have the characteristic quality of his lyrical ease, in which bitterness and physical frustration find an unrebellious acceptance. But he is by no means repetitive or lacking in versatility. Prothalamion, at the end of the volume, contains passages of startling fineness.

> Osirius, slender as young grain,
> Comes back to Isis; the shy lad
> Adonis wanders by the stream;
> And Jesus, innocently clad
> In samite, walks beneath the trees,
> Half ill-at-ease
> That Judas and the Cross were but a dream.

In spite of his unfailing technical achievement and traditional integrity, one feels sometimes that one sentence flows a

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BEWARE MY DOG!

Warning from the Wife of a Friend of Mankind

IN the "American Mercury" for May I read the life-story of Jim Tully, and what a hard time he had, when, as a young and struggling author, he brought a manuscript of his first novel to Upton Sinclair, asking help from "the renowned Socialist." "Mr. Sinclair said politely that he would look at it. Then Tully waited, in a fever of anxiety, for days, weeks, months. At last, in desperation, he sent for the manuscript, and it was returned to him—unread. Mr. Sinclair's yard was filled with fierce watch-dogs," and Mr. Tully's messenger "counted himself lucky to escape."

Upon reading that, I went digging into boxes of old letters, with the result that I produced ten letters from Jim Tully to Upton Sinclair, nine of them written several months before the publication of Mr. Tully's first novel. Several are published in the "Haldeman-Julius Monthly" for August. Here are a few sentences: (1) "Thanking you for your kindness in the past, and assuring you that I'll not soon forget the man who saw the first page of my attempt, and who told me to avoid all exclamations and make short sentences." (2) "You are the one man to keep me true in it." (3) *"Thanks."* (4) "Many thanks for that fine letter to Julius. You see beyond Jim Tully to the ideal you have followed all your life. Thanks again." (5) "I want to thank you sincerely for that big letter you wrote to Mr. Harcourt." (Alfred Harcourt, the publisher.) "I wish you the best of the season, and I thank you again." (6) "If you are willing to write a review, I will see that Harcourt gets in touch with you. This will mean a great deal to me as I am very anxious to get the book in the hands of all the intellectuals and radicals possible." (7) A 553-word review of Jim Tully's first novel, written by Upton Sinclair and published in the "Appeal to Reason," April 15th, 1922; the concluding sentence being: "So here is good luck to him—and if you have a couple of dollars to buy a novel, buy this one!" (8) Carbon copy of a letter from Upton Sinclair to Jim Tully, dated November 28, 1921, stating, "I owned a dog about fifteen years ago, but I never owned a dog in Pasadena, and if your little boy was scared by a dog when he came to see me, it wasn't my dog, and this is the first I have heard about it." (9) A photograph of Mr. Tully, inscribed: "To General Upton Sinclair. 'Yours for the revolution.' Private Jim Tully. Dec. 1, '21." (10) A letter from Mr. Tully, the successful novelist, writing from the Algonquin Hotel, April 4, 1926: "Horace Liveright told me yesterday how wild you were about young Hennessy." (A tramp writer.) "It brought back memories of how lousy you treated me. . . . You at least cured me of the Brotherhood of Man stuff."

Through the years of married life, I have had one serious trouble: the fact that my husband persists in solving the problems of everybody in the world but himself; that he persists in reading manuscripts and trying to find publishers for endless persons who do not know how to write, or who, knowing how, have nothing to say. I hereby serve notice: from this time on I am going to keep a dog. *Beware my dog!*

Upton's Brotherhood of Man Stuff

"Boston" will be finished in July. It is to be published August 22nd, Boston's great anniversary. It is running serially in the "New Leader" (London), "Ogonyok" (Moscow), and in Prague. Was running in Warsaw, but the government suppressed the magazine. What about Boston?

"Singing Jailbirds," which I have called "Upton's only work of art," will be produced by the New Playwrights, New York, in October. First produced in Vienna, then in Prague, then by Piscator in Berlin; Universal News Service reports "a phenomenal success." Also produced by the Phalange Artistique in Paris; "l'Humanité" reports "le succès a été grand." To be produced in Tokio, unless the cast is in jail.

"Oil!" continues the best-selling novel in Germany: 55,000 in first six weeks. First part issued in Paris; Romain Rolland writes: "I am seized by the irresistible vitality." The novelist, Henri Poulaille, writes in "Le Peuple": "There has not been since the war a single novel which can be put beside 'Oil!': not a single one, not Russian, not German, not French, not English, not Scandinavian. . . . One of the masterpieces of human literature." Amsterdam is reading "Oil!" in the "Notenkraker," Copenhagen in "Politiken." Polish, Hungarian and Japanese editions under way.

Public libraries of Sweden report the books of Upton Sinclair most in demand of any author, native or foreign. Spanish edition of "Samuel the Seeker" out. "Money Writes" out in Moscow; German translation completed. "Jimmie Higgins" a movie in Hollywood—beg pardon, in Kharkov. After nine years an English publisher dares to risk "The Brass Check." Also "Money Writes!"—but cutting out the paragraphs on Kipling. American editions of all these books exist, and may be ordered from me or my husband.

P.S. I think Mr. Mencken ought to pay for this advertisement, as I have to pay for the dog!

MARY CRAIG SINCLAIR,
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little too easily, a little too inevitably into another, and desires the shock of a word that would arrest, now and then, by its implication of a raw emotion.

Mr. Hillyer's In Solemn Pause the Forest Waits has the theme, brought to a slighter realization, of Long Feud, the first poem, and one of the best, in Mr. Untermeyer's volume. There is less hint of calm and little indication of smooth or finished growth in any of his poems; they are too troubled still by "The pitch of loss, the accent of forgetting" that he is adept in describing. His musical sense is strong and his technique varied. The inconsistent and continual stings of emotion that living enforces upon him charge his verse with a frequently upsetting vitality and an undoubted sincerity. He is at his best in this volume, I think, in his elemental pictures, the "shifting rock" "turning on its tireless bones"—

> Earth grows skyward; earth grows prouder;
> Earth grows more inclined to mock.
> Then, one day, a fine, thin powder . . .
> And the rock returns to rock.

Positano and Pathetic Fallacy are staccato in thinking as well as in expression. The title poem, Burning Bush, and Unreasoning Heart have the same nervous urge in back of them, but as a poem Team of Oxen succeeds better.

> This is earth moving, earth that learned to crawl
> Along the glacial wall;
> Boulders that rose in their deliberate way
> From the raw clay.
>
> Not eagerly, nor yet prepared to know
> Where they are meant to go,
> The damp soil dropping from their sides, they move
> In an uncertain groove.
>
> Thickly, but pressing on as though their bones
> Still feel the push of stones,
> And fear to rest themselves lest they remain
> Dead earth again.

It succeeds so well, in fact, that one would exchange a dozen of the sonnets and Book Reviews for that and Isaac.

HELEN PEARCE

Literature and Investigation

Heredity and Human Affairs. By E. M. East. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50.

IN comparison with best-selling, omniscient Outlines and popularizations of science by novelists, newspapermen, and poets, the appearance of a non-technical book by a thoroughly qualified specialist is an event of importance. The number of specialists willing to write a general book is small, and smaller still the number who have the ability to write entertainingly. When such a book takes up numerous social questions in the light of deeply grounded scientific knowledge much interest is certain to be aroused. The gloriously iconoclastic chapter that opens "Heredity and Human Affairs" is an essay on religion and life, written with much gusto. There follows a review of the basic principles of heredity, expounded with care and clearness. From the inheritance of specific human traits the discussion follows on through problems of environment versus heredity, the marriage of near kin, sex, race, genius, social scum, immigration, democracy, feminism, mother and child, and, finally and most emphatically, birth control, the main constructive cause toward which the whole book leads.

In general the facts quoted may be relied upon; specific references are frequently given. The opinions presented are based on the findings of experimental breeding, but this does not insure their scientific finality. Mr. East clearly attempts the difficult feat of carrying the calm logic of his laboratory over into human affairs. At times he succeeds. He often disarms by leading off with entirely fair presentations of opposing views and develops his own opinions from the evidence. But in places there are suspicions that the evidence was developed from his preexisting opinions. As a whole the readableness of the book gives it a certain distinction, though it suffers in comparison with its predecessor, "Mankind at the Crossroads."

The effect of the great popularity of "Mankind at the Crossroads" has been watched with misgiving, for the phenomenal success of a general book by a student often kills him as an investigator. The great pressure is always toward abandoning the thankless search for new truth in favor of the lucrative writing of more books. When the author is a mediocre investigator this may be a real advantage to society. But when he is a brilliant investigator society is in danger of losing, for the chances are strongly against the achievement of equal greatness in the field of letters. The technical contributions of Mr. East hold such a prominent position that general writing of equal importance would have to exhibit extraordinary literary merit. However strong the publisher's pressure may have been for this second book, it was resisted long enough to complete investigations the importance of which surpasses even his previous work. The scientist still held the upper hand, and now, although the existence of this book shows that the external pressure, combined with an internal flair for writing, triumphed temporarily, it seems probable that Mr. East will remain an investigator.

E. C. MACDOWELL

Fiction Shorts

Georgie May. By Maxwell Bodenheim. Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

Pre-war Southern pimps and harlots in a badly written novel, adrip with sentimental outpourings about "respectable society"; but worth reading for a few vivid and brutal pictures of small-town coke dens and county jails. They make one sympathize to an extent with Mr. Bodenheim's fine scorn for the big royalty novelists who confine their satire to rotary clubs and hotel-lobby drummers.

The Old and the Young. By Luigi Pirandello. Translated from the Italian by C. K. Scott Moncrieff. E. P. Dutton and Company. Two volumes. $5.

There seems little enough reason for having translated this dull, sprawling, enormous, old-fashioned political novel, dealing in a prose of unexampled stiffness, with the organization of the pre-war Fasci and the roots of the Sicilian labor movement. The general effect is that of a bad chromo lithograph. There is not a trace here of the essential Pirandello who was still to develop, the analyst of personality and the wizard of metaphysical drama. To Italians, of course, the appearance of this novel must have been an event of unquestioned sociological importance; Americans will be little more than puzzled by it.

Rembrandt. By Sandor Brody. Globus Press. $2.50.

During the last three years of his life Rembrandt van Rijn lived much with certain Jews in the Ghetto of Amsterdam; and among them the old outcast died. This series of expressionistic sketches (for it can hardly be termed a novel) occasionally conveys some of the miserable tragedy of the painter's last years; conveys it without any sentimentalizing and indeed with a certain almost cocky irony. It is difficult to understand why this hasty and uneven book should have been hailed as a European masterpiece; yet it is not without its moments of insight.

The Way of Sacrifice. By Fritz von Unruh. Translated from the German by T. A. Macartney. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

This is the German analogue for "Le Feu," an expressionistic notebook of horror with the Verdun offensive as the Moloch-

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villain. Written under the most torturing circumstances, it bears the impress of almost unbearable strain, not all of which is communicated to the reader. Von Unruh's unconcessive style has been rendered with an awkward literalness by the tactless translator; so that at most one sentence out of three becomes thoroughly comprehensible.

Daisy and Daphne. By Rose Macaulay. Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

An anti-Freudian manifestation. Miss Macaulay has the sure touch that enables her to place firm fingers on the sensitive spot and subsequently to make a correct and clever diagnosis. Occasionally she seems to take her mission too seriously. As for Daisy and Daphne, it is quite a jolt if you have been playing favorite to discover toward the middle of the book that they are one and the same girl. From that time on it is smooth sailing for the reader, but the bipartite heroine goes through a distressing struggle to be something she isn't, only to be defeated at the finish by the combined forces of family and inferiority complex.

Children and Fools. By Thomas Mann. Translated from the German by Herman George Scheffauer. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

Nine short tales by the author of "The Magic Mountain," ranging in date of composition from 1897 to 1926. Interesting in themselves, they fail to fulfil the publisher's promise, for they do not really enable us to trace Mann's artistic evolution as a process. Most of them do not quite come off: in each case an emotional theme appears to have been stated which is so suggestive and far-reaching as to defy adequate resolution by the short-story form. To this generalization the longest and latest tale, Disorder and Early Sorrow, is an exception: it is certainly one of the most beautiful and tender fictional treatments of the eternal clashing-generations theme. The translation leaves much to be desired.

Wide Fields. By Paul Green. Robert M. McBride and Company. $2.50.

A carefully elaborated sketchbook about the poor white farmers of North Carolina, revealing once more the author's power of creating people through dialogue. The reappearance of familiar characters throughout the book gives this collection of little stories a pleasant sense of unity and reality. Everybody comes out for a final curtain in a sort of index called Little Bethel People which is as good as, if not better than, any story in the book.

Armance. By Marie-Henri Beyle (de Stendhal). Translated from the French by C. K. Scott-Moncrieff. Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

This magnificent edition of a great French master now includes translations of "The Charterhouse of Parma," "The Red and the Black," "The Abbess of Castro and other Tales," and "On Love." This is the first English version of "Armance," that minor but extremely interesting study in impotence whose authorship was for many years disguised by the fantastic evasions of the born literary farceur, Stendhal. More than any other of his works, it possesses the characteristic crystalline aridity which is the most potent (and most puzzling) element in his style.

The Woman Who Rode Away. By D. H. Lawrence. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

Eleven short stories dealing, as usual, with those terrible intensities that arise between men and women and which Mr. Lawrence's characters are alone capable of putting into words. One feels a monotony of subject matter but absolutely none of tone or treatment. The volume seems to have aroused but lukewarm comment; to this reviewer, on the contrary, it appears a decided and powerful improvement over the tortured vagueness of "The Plumed Serpent." The title story is a near master-

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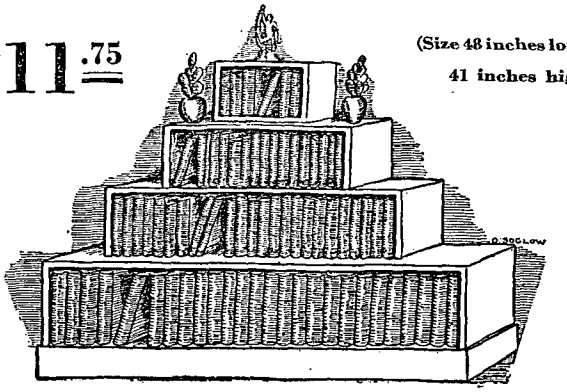

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piece; and there is hardly a phrase in the entire book which does not crackle with electrical force.

Quiet Cities. By Joseph Hergesheimer. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

Reading Mr. Hergesheimer after D. H. Lawrence is an illuminating experience. These gentle re-creations of the pasts of several American cities have a lukewarm charm, due almost entirely to the neatly applied "atmosphere," indicative of some very conscientious historical research on Mr. Hergesheimer's part. As for the stories themselves, it is rather a simple-minded apology to term them purposively artificial: that trick was exhausted once and for all by Charles Lamb. In truth, the substance of this book is the self-same romantic stuff which is at last beginning to be recognized as Mr. Hergesheimer's particular hallmark.

Thérèse. By François Mauriac. Translated from the French by Eric Sutton. Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

One of the least powerful but certainly the most characteristic of Mauriac's over-praised series of "Landes" novels. It contains in the clearest form his passionate attack on all manifestations of passion (except the Catholic emotion), his disintegrating onslaught on the terrible French institution of the family, and his cold scorn of the provincial male Frenchman. Mauriac, despite his apparently classical form, is really a *tendenz* novelist: he expresses, with greater clarity than most French writers, certain current psychological and sociological obsessions among Gallic intellectuals. It is to be regretted that he should be introduced to American readers by "Thérèse" rather than by his masterpiece, "Genitrix." C. P. F.

Books in Brief

The Other Side. By Struthers Burt. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

A series of gently indignant essays, originally published in the *Saturday Evening Post.* Mr. Burt, who loves his country, takes to task Mr. Mencken, supercilious English critics, Babbitt-baiters, ex-patriates, the hard-boiled younger generation, and those who are pessimistic about democracy. He believes nations should be more tolerant of each other and that human nature is much the same all over the globe. Almost everything he says is reasonably true and salutary and "gently bred"—to use Mr. Burt's favorite and most-looked-up-to word. It is slightly unfortunate that his sweet humanism should occasionally be a bit irritating, like so much of Matthew Arnold and Anatole France.

These Changing Times. By E. R. Eastman. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

This is an interesting account of the development of agriculture and rural life in the United States since 1900. Mr. Eastman, who is editor of the *American Agriculturist,* knows farming at first hand and is familiar with the everyday problems that confront the farmer. He treats these generally with common sense and not too much of professional uplift. At the same time, he has vision enough to see a future for intelligent farming in this country. When, however, he deals with subject matter outside the realm of personal observation, he is neither accurate nor realistic. For instance, he announces that Russia "is densely inhabited." He argues for rural religion in a piece of rationalization such as the veriest amateur in psychology would recognize. He believes that Slavonic immigrants tend to be lawbreakers above other people. Although his office is in New York, it still shocks him to see girls wearing "too short" skirts and smoking cigarettes. Finally, he maintains the Kiwanian premise that "America has built the greatest civilization of all time."

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Like saints upon an oriel of glass.

and this, to show a different manner, from "Miranda's Supper":

A pair of cameos clasp her throat,
Wherein Psyche, pink and cream,
Slim-handed slants the candle-beam
On Cupid, swooning in carnelian;
Such trifles are antique Italian.

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International Relations Section

Labor in the Congo

By RAYMOND LESLIE BUELL

TWENTY years ago the attention of the American people was officially called to conditions in the Congo Free State, then under the personal rule of Leopold II of Belgium, by a resolution of the United States Senate asking the President to assist in bringing to an end alleged atrocities in that territory. Partly as a result of American and British opinion, the Belgian Parliament annexed the Free State in 1908 and terminated the regime under which natives had been obliged to gather rubber for the state and private concessionnaires. Following the adoption of these reforms, the interest of the outside world in Congo affairs began to wane. Nevertheless developments are now going on in this colony which are of interest to all concerned with the government of primitive peoples and with the race problem in general.

In taking over the administration of the Congo the Belgian Government was confronted not only by a tribally disorganized society, but by a people ravaged by disease, probably the most dreadful of which is sleeping sickness. Upon the arrival of the Europeans this disease was restricted to the west coast, but by means of porters and of soldiers who accompanied the Europeans into the interior the disease was spread so that today it is found in nearly every part of the Congo except in Ruanda-Urundi. This disease in some cases results in the decimation of entire villages; in other cases it leads to sterility and to excessive infant mortality. One experienced missionary believes that sleeping sickness has destroyed eight-tenths or nine-tenths of the population of the Middle Congo.

The European occupation has not only extended the scourge of sleeping sickness, but it has introduced new diseases, of which syphilis, tuberculosis, bacilliar dysentery, and Spanish influenza are leading examples. At Stanley Pool the death-rate from tuberculosis among natives is more than twice the rate in Belgium. In an effort to combat these diseases the Belgians have organized one of the most effective medical services in Africa. This work, however, has done little toward solving the population problem of the Congo. The dwindling of the native population and its susceptibility to disease are not due primarily to physical causes; they are due largely to the burden imposed upon this population by European industrialism, which has broken down native morale and physical resistance.

The Congo is rich in mineral resources and in the Katanga some of the world's richest copper mines will be found. Altogether about three-fourths of the exports of the Belgian Congo consist of mining products. At the close of the World War, the people of Belgium naturally turned to the Congo as a means of reconstructing a disorganized economic and financial condition at home. In 1921 the Belgian Parliament sanctioned a policy of "industrialization" by authorizing the Congo Government to contract a loan to the extent of three hundred million francs for the purpose of constructing railways and ports so as to open up the whole colony. As a result of this industrialization policy the exports of the Congo have increased from 60,000,000 francs in 1913 to 160,000,000 gold francs in 1925. The value of the stock in Congo companies also stands at an extremely high figure. Thus the stock of the Compagnie du Katanga, which at par is 200, stands at 39,000, while the stock of a dozen Congo companies having a par value of 100 or 200 ranges from 1,000 to 5,000.

The development of any country in the tropics where the whites decline to perform manual labor is dependent upon the native labor supply. Despite the natural wealth of the Congo, its native population of ten and a half million is extremely sparse, having a density of only 11.5 per square mile. European mines and plantations demand a concentrated labor supply which the localities immediately adjacent to these industries cannot provide. Consequently they are obliged to rely upon recruiters who scour the country for hundreds of miles to induce the natives to leave their villages and, after a march of several weeks, accept European employment.

In the Katanga and the Kasai this recruiting is carried on by organizations called Bourses du Travail, which place recruiters throughout their respective provinces. The Katanga mines also receive part of their labor from Northern Rhodesia, where it is recruited by Robert Williams and Company, an English concern. The Bourse du Travail recruits labor in the mandated territory of Ruanda-Urundi, which it transports nearly a thousand miles to Elizabethville. In the other provinces employers rely upon private recruiters. It is the practice of all these recruiters to obtain men from the native chiefs. In most cases they are assisted by government administrators.

The Colonial Charter of Belgium prohibits forced labor for private purposes, while compulsory labor for public works cannot be imposed except by decree. Nevertheless, a system of administrative aid to recruiting has prevailed in the Congo which in effect has resulted in compulsory labor. This compulsion is openly imposed to obtain the ten thousand men necessary for the widening of the Lower Congo Railway. In the summer of 1926 the government laid before the Colonial Council a decree authorizing the imposition of labor conscription for this purpose. It frankly stated that conscription was already being imposed, which it wished to regularize and control by law. But the Cabinet later withdrew the decree on the ground that the Belgian people were opposed to compulsory labor. Nevertheless, the government continues to conscript labor for railway construction.

As a result of these efforts more than three hundred thousand natives are under employment today. The writer personally saw old men with ropes around their necks shipped down the Lualaba River by an administrator to a rice mill at Stanleyville. Practically every district report in the Congo frankly states that the administrator spends much of his time in procuring labor. Members of the Colonial Council at Brussels have repeatedly called attention to the existence of these practices, which the Minister of Colonies has admitted. In a letter written in September, 1925, an administrator who had been obliged to procure labor for the Lever plantations declared that the official was daily becoming "more and more a veritable merchant of men," and that his "villages become empty upon his approach as at the approach of a slave trader." He asked what would the peasants of Belgium say if they were obliged to go to work in the factories of Bohemia?

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The government has been especially active in recruiting men for its own mines at Kilo-Moto. In fact, it is difficult for the government to occupy a neutral position on the labor question since, as a result of a policy adopted by Leopold II, the Congo Government not only owns the Kilo-Moto mines but holds a large number of shares in various enterprises, such as the Comité Spécial and the Forminière, which brought a revenue to the Congo treasury of more than thirty million francs in 1926.

In most cases native laborers are obliged to sign a contract compelling them to work for a period of one year, during which time it is a criminal offense to desert. Thus industry in the Congo rests upon a system of virtual compulsion. While on the mines of Johannesburg the death-rate in 1926 was only 9.2 per thousand the rate on many industries in the Congo ranges from 30 to 80 per thousand. These excessive rates are not due to the ill-treatment of labor while under employment. On the contrary, Congo legislation prescribes requirements in regard to housing, food, and medical care which are the most stringent in Central Africa. The high death-rate in the Congo is due to the fact that such a large proportion of the native population has suddenly been wrenched from a primitive native life, and has not been able to adjust itself to the demands of European industry. The death-rate is also increased by the conditions under which laborers are transported to places of employment. A few years ago 54 per cent of the men recruited in the Kasai for the Katanga never reached their destination because of disease or desertion. Upon reaching the place of employment, the resistance of the native as well as his morale is weakened so that, separated from his family and obliged to live in compounds housing large numbers of men, he falls prey to epidemics and especially to pulmonary disease. He also casts off the old rules of conduct which the authority of the tribe imposed and becomes acquainted with vices unknown in the native village. His disrespect for the white men and for the European authority has been increased by the extent to which Belgians cohabit with native women. Travelers frequently express the opinion that native "indiscipline" is greater in the Congo than in any other part of Africa.

The native families left in the villages also lead an unhappy existence. The women are left to the prey of the men who remain behind; children grow up without proper care; the burden of existence resting on the village becomes excessive, in many cases the inhabitants are under-nourished. It is now believed that sleeping sickness can only be eliminated by building up a stable native village life which will increase resistance to this disease. But this policy can only be carried out if some limits to the demands of European industry are imposed.

The opinion has gradually been growing in Belgium that the fundamental solution of the population question lies in the limitation of industrial development. Animated by this view, the Minister of Colonies in 1924 appointed a commission of business men and officials to study the whole labor question. This commission inquired into the question of how many laborers could be taken from the native villages to European labor centers without seriously disturbing native life. It was the general opinion that 5 per cent of the able-bodied men could be taken without a harmful social effect. An additional 5 per cent might without inconvenience be taken for European enterprises located not more than two days' march from the village.

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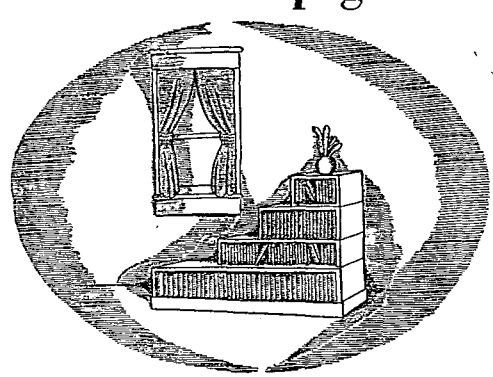

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The commission also believed that an even larger percentage could be employed in the production of foodstuffs and in porterage for short distances. Applying these rules, the commission estimated that the available labor supply (10 per cent of the male population) would be about 267,200, but that the labor demand in 1925 would be 416,500.

In many parts of the Colony the 10 per cent limit is already exceeded, particularly in the Katanga, where nearly 23 per cent of the men are under European employment. Nevertheless, in July, 1925, the Governor General issued instructions that in the future no recruiting could take place among native groups where these limits have been exceeded. In 1926 provincial orders were issued prohibiting or restricting recruiting in ten different districts of the Colony. A further step was taken in December, 1925, when the Minister of Colonies issued instructions to administrative officials to stop "direct recruiting of labor for private employers." Nevertheless, the officials were not prohibited from lending "effective aid by preaching the law of labor" to the natives. During a transitional period the government will "indirectly" aid employers who treat labor well to procure labor; but eventually it is hoped that this "intervention" of the government on behalf of private employers will come to an end. In August, 1926, the Belgian Cabinet went still further and decided to suspend the construction of all public works not yet started and the completion of those under way but not strictly indispensable. The Colonial Council now insists that no new concession be granted unless a labor supply is locally available.

In taking these measures which impose brakes upon the rate of industrial development, the Belgian Government has shown a courage which is unique among the governments of Africa. Nevertheless, the slate will not be clean until government assistance to recruiting is abolished, and until the plantation system of industry which automatically creates new labor needs is subordinated to a system of native production, which has made Uganda and the Gold Coast far more profitable than the Belgian Congo, without striking at the roots of native society. The system of "moral persuasion" and "indirect" assistance to employers in procuring labor is open to even worse evils than those arising out of legalized compulsion—a fact which the government in advocating the decree for compulsory labor for public works in 1926 admitted. While a good case may be made for compulsory labor for essential public works, there is little ethical justification for compulsory recruiting for private employers, and it is a policy which if universally applied will lead to the destruction of the native population. It is prohibited by the League of Nations mandates system and by the League slavery convention drafted in 1926.

While the Belgian Congo has not wholly succeeded in its goal of restricting industrial development to a pace at which it will not ride roughshod over the native peoples, the fact must be remembered that as a legacy from the Free State regime powerful financial interests have become intrenched in the Congo whose interests it would be difficult for any government to impair. In the limitation of recruiting, the partial abolition of government recruiting, and the suspension of public works, the Congo has boldly recognized and attempted to master forces which must be controlled throughout the entire continent of Africa if the native population is to be preserved.

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